

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

THE LIGUORIAN

August

1942

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AMONGST OURSELVES

We are at that stage of the war where everybody seems mistrustful of every item of news that makes the headlines because of the suspicion of propaganda. If Hitler seems to be discouraged in some of his broadcasts, somebody is sure to say: "Look out, that's propaganda to throw us off guard." If the Russians publish minute accounts of great losses, it is immediately suggested that the sole purpose of the revelation is to speed up American production and transportation in aid to Russia. If itemized reports appear in our own newspapers concerning successes in month-old battles, there are cynics to say that the purpose is to take our minds off the discouraging losses in present encounters. If figures show that some of our war-weapons are outmoded and some of our tanks vulnerable to those of the enemy, it is to save us from over-confidence. If a congressman says the war will be over within a year, one school of thought says he is spiking the war-effort, another that it is good propaganda to keep our spirits up; another

counterattacks with the statement that the war won't be over in five years. If Hitler brags, it's propaganda; if he despairs, it's propaganda; if Churchill visits the U. S., it's propaganda, if he changes his cabinet, it's propaganda. Maybe it is; maybe truth for truth's sake is dead for the duration. Maybe—but nobody can be sure. Without cynicism, and with confidence in the ultimate victory, it our task to wait and see.

But in the midst of the uncertainties, there are some things about which there can be no doubt. THE LIGUORIAN is still drawing them to your attention. This month the one great certainty is: There must be no hate! There is no evil-minded propaganda in the emphasizing of this principle. There is no doubt of its necessity. We recommend it to all—soldiers, sailors, marines, officers, privates, civilians. Fight for freedom, fight against evil, but fight without hatred in your hearts for any man. That must be the rule of a democracy, even when it is fighting for self-preservation.

The Liguorian

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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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PRAYER FOR A SOLDIER

I am a soldier. This, Lord, is my task:
To march, to fight, to lie in wait
To kill. Yet killing, this, Lord, do I ask:
Let me not hate!

War needs not hate. Lord, let me defend
My freedom's great and glorious estate
With ev'ry weapon that my strength can lend —
Save only hate!

Sin let me hate. Sin let me fight till death,
Giving my life, if need, sin to placate;
But for the sinner, beg I with sinful breath,
Save me from hate!

Let me go forth and share the fierce attack
Early at dawn, at noon, at dark, and late;
If I should fall, if triumphing come back —
Let me not hate!

— *D. F. Miller*

MUST WE HATE?

Every Catholic in the United States, and every non-Catholic who loves democracy, must be enlisted in the cause of "no hatred"—even while we all fight valiantly against our enemies.

D. F. MILLER

ONE of the potentially most dangerous questions being discussed in connection with the war is that of the necessity of hatred on the part of Americans for the people who constitute the nations and armies of their enemies. Even the government, in one of its propaganda papers, proposes the question without answering it yes or no, but with enough indirect argument to indicate that it can hardly see how good fighting men can be made without personal hatred. Some of the newspapers are carrying symposia of various views of prominent people on the matter, and the protagonists of hatred are by no means in the minority. The "Letters to the Editor" departments of most papers are reproducing hotly emotional appeals for an all-out hatred of Germans, Italians and Japanese. And it is said to be not unusual for officers in the armed forces to insist on hatred as a necessary element in the making of a good fighter.

All this is evidence of two sad weaknesses in great, democratic America that can well contribute to its destruction, even while men are arguing that only hatred will save the nation. One weakness is that of an almost childlike confusion of thought and the other is a barbaric dependence on feelings and emotions for strength and courage to endure. The confusion of thought arises from the widespread incapacity to make an elementary distinction on which the very notion of democracy rests. It is the distinction between an evil that may be hated and resisted even to death, and the misguided or even malicious men who fight for the evil cause. The dependence on feelings and emotions is evident in the fact that so many cannot see how intellectual and moral principles are sufficient inspiration to lead men to drain the last drop of their energy and even to sacrifice their lives in defense of the cause represented by their principles. It is thought that no man can do great things unless he be all but blindly driven by selfish, emotional, and personal motives.

Because hatred of the people who are at war with America intensifies these two weaknesses, it is necessary that the American people be made to see that such hatred practically nullifies their claim to the possession of a just cause. This requires no strained and abstruse argumentation. It is elementary. It can be stated in simple sentences that any child can understand. It is recommended that these sentences, as written and explained in the following, be adopted into the philosophy of life of every American who wants his country to be not only victorious in war, but strong and noble in peace as well.

1. Personal hatred of enemies is contrary to the very democracy for which the United Nations are waging a war.

Democracy, here taken as a principle of government and the spirit of a people, is that philosophy of life which is built on the truth that every human being is an infinitely precious creation of God, destined for immortal life, and possessing fundamental rights that no human power can take away. Democracy assumes that there is something in every human being that no other human being has a right to touch or deny or destroy. This remains even in the midst of a man's sins and crimes against his neighbor. A democratic nation has a perfect right, of course, to throw criminal men into jail; to punish wrong-doers with imprisonment or even death; but even while it does so it remains conscious of the intrinsic dignity of the individual involved, allows him opportunities of spiritual regeneration, and permits him perfect freedom of action in his relationship to God. In short, the democratic principle asserts that no human being can be hated as a human being; he may be punished for crimes, he may be deprived of the freedom that might be used to commit other crimes, but his dignity as a human being remains and no one may judge him in the end save God. America is fighting for that principle; it is fighting to retain the right to treat its citizens as creatures, not of the State, nor of tyrannical leaders, nor of slave-driving masters, nor even of their own base passions, but of God.

If Americans are taught to hate German or Italian or Japanese men and women, they might as well abandon all pretense of fighting for democracy. It makes no sense to say that this war has been brought on by Hitler's refusal to recognize the dignity and rights of human beings

as such, and then to deny the same dignity and rights to certain people because they happen to be on Hitler's side. Even to hate Hitler himself as a man is to destroy democracy. As a human being he is beyond the pale of a single other human being's hatred; as a human being he belongs to God and eternity. We may hate his crimes; we may plan punishment for his crimes; we may fight with the weapons of death and destruction all who support his crimes; but if we believe in democracy we disbelieve in the hatred of any human being who was made by God.

II. Personal hatred of the outside enemies of America will promote hatred of man against man within the nation, and thus destroy it as a democracy.

It is the boast of America that while there are many differences of opinion among its citizens, there are no divisions; that once a majority has decided an issue, the minority accepts it no matter how unpleasant it may be; that hatred of one race for another, of one group of religious worshippers for another, of one class of society for another, is out of place and reprehensible whenever it may appear. Democracy is brotherly love, forgiveness, respect for the views of others, sympathy and understanding, on a large scale.

These boasts will become nullified the moment the nation approves of personal hatred for the people against whom it finds it necessary to wage war. If a German must be hated because it is necessary to fight against the principles his government represents, then a republican will hate a democrat whose principles he opposes, a Protestant will hate a Catholic, a laborer will hate his employer, a white man will hate a Negro, because the principle will be established that hatred of persons is necessary to the winning of any cause.

Nor will it do to say that the enormity of the crimes of the Axis powers makes the case exceptional — the one case where hatred is not only allowed but necessary. Every human being looks on opposition to his own principles as something exceptional, even if it be only in a dispute over a tiny strip of land. He will make no distinction between the case in which he must oppose another with arms and that in which he must oppose another with argument alone. If in one case he may hate, he will hate in all: to be opposed will be accepted on every hand as a reason for hatred. The power of this principle to destroy the foundations

of a nation has been recognized by the Communists; from the beginning of their history they have been concentrating on one achievement: the arousing of hatred in American hearts — one for another. If America accepts the principle of hatred for Germans and Italians and Japanese, the Communists will be ready to take over what is left of the country after the war, because hatred is a foundation on which they can always build.

III. Hatred of persons in this war will make impossible a just and lasting peace.

Again in this war, as in the last, leaders of thought are hoping that it will be "the war to end wars." The slogan was meaningless in the last war because hatred was so widely fomented and encouraged and created. Peace came, but hatred remained, and so long as there is hatred there will be wars. Events have proved this a hundredfold.

A just and lasting peace depends on sympathy even for those who have to be forcibly prevented from carrying out their evil plans against other men and nations. The sentences of judges in criminal courts would be far from just if they were accompanied by personal hatred. That is why an accused person has a right to ask to be tried before a different judge if he can show reason to believe that the first one competent is biased against him. The sentence that will be passed against the dictator nations when this war is over will create the next war if it is accompanied by hatred. And if there be hatred now, if there be a coolly cultivated detestation of the human beings ranged in battle against us, if there be a desire, not only to protect self and to disarm those who threaten to destroy human rights, but also to wipe out, to exterminate, to revenge a thousandfold, to damn forever, then there will be hatred after the war, and though open war has ended, peace will not be found.

American soldiers, sailors, marines and civilians must distinguish the necessity of killing others and destroying cities to protect human rights and to stop crime on an international scale, from the need of killing from blood-lust and personal hatred. The former is a real necessity now, the latter is only a spurious need. In fact, it is the counsel of fools, because hatred of others always turns upon the hater; in due time he always becomes the object of hatred and revenge like that which he has exercised on others.

IV. Hatred of the evil which threatens the nation is amply sufficient to make Americans valiant and victorious fighters, without hatred of the persons who inflict the evil.

The one argument that all protagonists of hatred fall back on is this: that unless an intense, emotional, revengeful hatred be awakened in the hearts of Americans, they will not be able to fight furiously enough to win the war. Such an argument should make every true American writhe. It means that we are so unintelligent, so weak in understanding, so lacking in ability to act on principle, so bereft of Christianity, that unless we are aroused like animals to a blind fury, we can attain none of the purposes of this war. If the war is won in that way, it will be but the victory of one jungle-force over another.

The whole strength of the cause of America lies in the fact that it is defending reason, morality, international virtue, individual liberty, and all the elements of peace among men against lawlessness, unreason, license, cruelty and tyranny on the part of its enemies. If Americans cannot fight valiantly for these things because they know they are right and necessary for the world, then they do not deserve to possess nor to win them. Hatred is of a piece with the brutality and lawlessness of pagans; why should we deem the latter worth suppressing and establish the former in our hearts and in our nation?

BY ALL means, then, let American soldiers be taught what they are fighting for. Let it be explained to them that they are defending the land and the honor and the rights and the freedoms that are the foundation of their nation and the hope of the future world. Let them be taught to kill and destroy, to fight without fear, to overcome without fail because all this is so necessary now. But let them not be taught to hate German or Italian or Japanese men and women, but rather to fight with the added incentive of a desire to deliver even these from the power of the tyrants who have enslaved them.

Judges

Some people plan on spending their eternity in gloating over the pains of their enemies who, they are quite certain, will be in hell. "Don't you worry," they say prophetically, "he'll get his." That's being one's brother's keeper with a vengeance, and may lead to keeping him company.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

Now and then one meets a shut-in who is afflicted with a disease that is far more harmful than any bodily disability could ever be. It is the disease of hatred of a fellow-human being.

Sometimes the hatred is occasioned by the fact that another person has been actually responsible for the shut-in's helpless condition. Thus a mistake made by a doctor in diagnosis or treatment, neglect on the part of a nurse in the primary and curable stages of an illness, carelessness that has led to an accident with permanent results, may have so embittered the heart of the victim that forgiveness seems impossible. In other cases, hate may be awakened by the fact that rich relatives who could easily provide special treatments for the shut-in are callous and indifferent; or by the injustices that have been done to the family of the shut-in in business or social life.

These, to a pagan, might seem like grounds for hatred, but there are no grounds for hatred in a Christian. To hate, even though one has been seriously injured by another, is to deny one's Christianity, and to close the door to all the comfort that only the Christian religion can bring. Hatred never avenges an injury; it does not hurt the offender, but it does hurt the hater, because it hardens the heart and paralyzes the will and tortures the mind. Forgiveness, on the contrary, is the secret of tranquility, and at the same time it makes possible the correction of the offender so that he will not injure another.

To forgive, it should be remembered, is not the same as to forget an injury received. One may not be able to forget, especially when each new day brings new suffering as a result of the injury. But in the midst of the thoughts of bitterness and the feelings of hatred, the shut-in can always say: "Lord, have mercy. . . ." "Father, forgive. . . ." "Forgive us as we forgive. . . ." Then there will be no real hatred, and none of the unhappiness and remorse that are harder to bear than any physical pain.

FATHER TIM CASEY, Junior

AN ADVENTURE IN STEALING

E. F. MILLER

FATHER TIM CASEY, the nephew of the elder and more famous Father Tim Casey of St. Mary's parish in the city of Liguoria, was having some difficulties in New York City over his transportation. By this time he should have been well on his way to Brazil, if not already there. Furthermore, he was upset because he was not on his way, even though he realized full well that once he got on the ground of his foreign mission the comforts of the American way of life would be far removed from the sphere of his activity.

Yes, he wanted to be away and at work—and here he was in New York, without a ship to take him to his destination, and even without information as to the time when he would be able to get away. Submarines were making the Atlantic more than dangerous—so the papers said; and the government was letting only those ships leave home-docks that had an essential mission to fulfill. And so, here he was, stranded in the big city, with nothing to do but wait for developments.

Well, the first thing to do was to write to his superior, and inform him of the new turn of events. Perhaps he could be given some little charge until his ticket could be used. He went to his room in the rectory of St. Cecelia's, up on 105th street, and wrote his letter. Then he donned his Roman collar, his coat and hat, and sallied forth to mail the letter so that it might be in the morning mail. The time of the day was evening, about eight o'clock.

He was not half a block from the priests' house when he met a policeman and a boy. The policeman was a big, burly sort of fellow, while the boy was under-sized, pinched-faced and patently under-nourished. He, the latter, was at least fifteen years old, though at first glance he seemed much younger. The policeman had him by the ear, and was leading him west on 105th street with purpose and determination. It was at that point that the meeting took place.

"You're just the one I want to see, Father," exclaimed the policeman, giving the captured ear a firm pinch, thereby wringing shouts of pain from the throat of the youngster. The boy tried to break away. "No you don't, my young one," continued the policeman. "Not until

the Father here talks to you. Talk to him, Father, and tell him good."

"What did he do?" asked Father Tim. This was a new experience for him, and not only did he feel self-conscious, but he hadn't the slightest idea what he should say or do. His pastoral course in the seminary had not gone into cases like the one that was before him now.

MEANWHILE, a crowd was gathering. East 105th street is lined with tenements, most of which are filled with families even to the roof. People were now drifting out of doorways, from around corners, from all kinds of places that but a moment before were empty; and they took up their stations close enough to the center of excitement to enable them to hear every word of the discussion that promised to eventuate.

"What did he do?" cried out the policeman, giving the boy another tug and shake. "Why, I caught him stealing a whole bundle of magazines from the 5 and 10 cent store over on 3rd avenue. And he goes to the Sisters' school, too. What do you think of that?"

"Do you go to the Sisters' school?" asked Father Tim.

There was no answer. The priest turned to the policeman. "Perhaps if you would let go the boy's ear, Officer, he and I could have a little talk." The crowd was so thick by now that escape for the boy was impossible even though he might contemplate such a step were he released. The policeman relinquished his hold, and the boy rubbed his ear.

"What's your name?" asked Father Tim, starting out on a different tack.

"Joe," mumbled the boy in a surly tone of voice.

"Well, Joe, there isn't anything you have done that can't be patched up—if you want it patched up. I'm sure that the Sisters never taught you that it's alright to steal. So first of all you have to admit that you did wrong when you took those magazines."

"I didn't do wrong," flared up the captive. "I wanted something to eat. I was going to sell the magazines."

"Something to eat? Didn't your mother fix you any supper?"

"My mother?" There was a sneer on the boy's face. "My mother's drunk, has been for the past week. She don't fix no meals for us anyway. All she does is cuss us out, and even beat us if we get in her way. So, I don't get in her way any more."

"How about your father?"

Again the boy was silent.

Father Tim addressed himself to the policeman. "See here, Officer," he said. "This is no way to handle this. Let me take the boy home with me — over to St. Cecelia's," — he pointed to the church that could be seen in the glare of the street lamps in front of it — "and in an hour you can come back. Then we'll talk over what should be done."

"I can't permit it," responded the policeman firmly. "I'll be held responsible if he gets away. It's the second time we're taking in the lad, and this time it'll be the reform school."

"But suppose I give my word that he won't get away. . . ."

The officer looked over the young priest, noticed the firmness of his jaw, the clearness of his eyes, the resolution of his bearing. It took him but a moment to make up his mind.

"O.K., Father. He's yours, lock, stock and barrel for an hour. I'll be back." He turned to the crowd. "Scat," he shouted. "The show's over. Away with you, every last one." He went amongst the bystanders, pushing and scattering, and talking all the time. Father Tim took the boy by the arm, and the two of them drifted away, arriving in but a few minutes at the rectory of St. Cecelia's. The first thing the priest did was call the housekeeper, and inform her that he wanted all the loose food in the kitchen that a good-sized tray could hold. This having been accomplished in due time, and the boy's appetite satisfied, they sat back to talk.

"So there's something wrong with your dad," commented Father Tim.

The surliness had gone from the lad's face. But at the mention of his father's name it came back more pronouncedly than before.

"He's in the pen," he said shortly.

"What did he do?"

"Robbed a bank."

"I see." There was a pause. "And you think that he got what he deserved?"

"He didn't get half enough. They should have given him the chair. All he ever did to us was beat us and starve us and curse us. And he made us live in a hole that wasn't fit even for pigs. When he gets out," — there was positive passion in the boy's pinched face — "he's going to get some of his own medicine, and from me too."

"Listen, Joe. You just said that you think that he got what he deserved because he robbed that bank. Don't you think that it was precisely because he stole that he was tough at home, and didn't give any of you kids a decent break? Don't you think that if he had been man enough to keep his hands off other people's money, he'd have been man enough to go to work, to move you all into a half-way comfortable house, and take care of you as any dad should? Don't you think that his stealing had something to do with his falling down on the job in the home? A man just can't be rotten in one thing and good in other things. The rottenness makes him bad all through."

"So what?" said the boy guardedly.

"Only this. You damn your father because he stole. You say he did wrong. You say he was no good. Then you go out and do the very same thing. Your stealing makes you sort of rotten through and through too. You haven't a right to say a single word against your father, or against anybody else either. And yet that's exactly what you're doing. What kind of a fellow are you, anyway?"

"But . . ."

FATHER TIM held up his hand. "No use in saying you were hungry. There were places you could have gone to get food if you wanted to — right here for instance."

"Yah, and they'd turn me in to the cops."

"They would not turn you in to the cops. And anyway, even if they did, it would be better than going around stealing what doesn't belong to you, and eventually landing in the reform school. Suppose everybody began to steal any old thing they wanted. Things would soon come to an end. Why, we wouldn't be able to go out of the house without being stripped to our shoes every time. Even our house wouldn't be ours very long. Isn't that right?"

"Maybe it is."

"Well, what others are not allowed to do, neither are you. You're no privileged character. When that policeman brought you up to me and told me what you did, you reminded me right away of Hitler. You know something about Hitler, don't you, Joe? Do you like him?"

"Like Hitler? He's worse than my old man. If I was old enough I'd go into the army."

"You don't like Hitler because he's a robber — because he went over his boundaries and began to steal small countries and make them a part of his own country. He could get away with it because these small countries were too weak to defend themselves. Nobody likes a bully. And yet, every time Hitler steals, and every time you steal, both of you are being bullies — picking on somebody or something because you can get away with it. Really, Joe, I'm surprised. It doesn't take brains to steal. Any old tramp, any three-year-old can get away with it — sometimes. It takes a *real man* to say no when he feels like stealing because he's hungry or something."

Joe was looking the least bit uncomfortable.

"But the main reason why it's wrong to steal," continued Father Tim, "is because God said it's wrong. You believe in God, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure I do."

"Sure you do. Well, God said it's wrong; He doesn't want His people to do it. If you go ahead and do it anyway, He'll take care of you in His own good time even though you never meet a cop. That's why I want you to promise me, Joe, that you're through with that kind of thing for keeps — and not because you're afraid of the law, but because God asked you not to do it, and God is the *real Man*, worth loving and obeying and fighting for — and even dying for if that is ever necessary."

AND then a strange thing happened. Joe, the street urchin, the thief, felt two big tears balancing precariously in the corner of his eyes. He didn't brush them away. He tried to hide them by acting as though they were not there. "Gee," he said. "I never thought of God like that."

"That's the way you ought to think of Him. And what's more, you ought to get next to Him as often as you can. You're a Catholic, Joe. When did you go to Communion last?"

The boy thought. "Six months ago," he said.

The doorbell rang. Father Tim stood up.

"That will be the officer," he said. "Now listen closely, Joe. I'll make a bargain with you. If you promise to go to Communion every Sunday for the next six months, I'll see what I can do with the policeman."

"Will you, honest?" asked Joe.

"On my word. But you won't promise to go to Communion merely to get out of having to go to the reform school, will you? You'll make them good Communions — because God will be coming to you — won't you?" He took the boy by the shoulders and looked straight into his eyes. Joe did not turn away or lower his glance. "Promise?"

"I promise — honest, I do. And I mean it too."

AND then the officer came into the room.

"Right on the dot, Father, and with the wagon outside the door. It won't be but a jiffy before we have our little friend all safely locked up. Come on, boy. . . ."

"A moment, officer," said Father Tim. "Joe and I have made a contract. You wouldn't have us break it, would you? You have him put away in a reform school, and you will force us to break it."

The policeman was suspicious. "What's this?" he asked. "What contract are you talking about?"

"Well, courts generally don't let boys off who got themselves in trouble unless some responsible person is willing to see the boy every week or so and keep a check on him; and during the week too, to watch that everything goes alright. Is that true?"

"That's true. Have you a responsible person who is willing to do all that?"

"I have."

"Who is it?"

"God."

"God?"

"Joe is going to receive Holy Communion every Sunday for six months. I can tell by your speech that you're a Catholic. So you know what Holy Communion is."

The policeman stroked his chin. "You make it hard for me, Father."

"On the contrary, I make it easy for you. Furthermore, I'll see that he gets a place to stay during the six months so that he won't have to go back to the dangers of the hole he calls home."

THE face of the policeman broke into a smile. "You got something there, young man. What's your name, anyway? You're smart."

"Father Timothy Casey."

The law winked at the cloth. "Father Tim! A good enough name for anybody. Well, I'll be seeing you." And still smiling, the law departed.

Musical Sign Language

A radio maestro has to use a good many code signals in order to keep his musical program on a precise, split-second schedule. This part of any air show has to be extremely flexible, according to the time consumed by the dialogue part of the program. Billy Mills, who arranges, composes and conducts the music for the popular Fibber McGee and Molly, uses the following signals among others, before his orchestra:

Hand placed on top of head—Take the next number right from the introduction. ("We're right on schedule.")

Hand placed on shoulder, arm across chest—Omit introduction. ("We're a few seconds behind schedule.")

Hand held vertically, palm toward orchestra—Fade down. ("Softly, so they can hear the commercial.")

Crooked forefinger held up—Repeat from the middle of the chorus. ("We're a little ahead now.")

Extended forefinger drawn across throat—Stop playing. ("Kill the music, and right now.")



Truck Slang

The following picturesque terms will be recognized, it is said, by any one of the three and one half million truck drivers in the country:

Push water—gasoline.

Bug juice—gasoline.

Cement mixer—a noisy truck. Such a truck is sometimes said to "marble in the oil."

Doughnuts—tires.

Jesse James—a police judge.

The pride of the fleet—a broken-down, rattle-trap truck.

The undertaker's friend—a drunken driver.

The men—policemen.

Three Minute Instruction

ON PATRIOTISM

Too often it is forgotten or not even known that patriotism is a virtue, and that as a virtue it is a habit of the will and not merely an exercise of the emotions. Like all virtues, it stands in the middle between two extremes; hence, to learn what it is not, is a good way to establish a foundation for what it is.

1. Patriotism is not a love of country that transcends all principles of morality, that excludes from one's love the human beings of any other country, that manifests itself in a blind support of every institution in one's country and scorns everything connected with a foreign country. Patriotism is not an inexplicable feeling. Patriotism is not a blind infatuation. Patriotism is a combination of justice, gratitude and love for one's country inspired by the good things that a country gives to its citizens.

2. Patriotism is not, on the other hand, an empty word, or something to be scorned by educated and sophisticated men and women. Patriotism is not a virtue for the ignorant and unenlightened only. Patriotism is not a cloak to be worn as a covering for selfishness and greed, as when men make love of their country the basis for demanding the right to exploit their neighbors. Patriotism is not separable from other virtues. It is a part of justice; it is nothing without brotherly love; it is subject to and bound up with the love of God; it is inconceivable without self-sacrifice and self-denial.

3. Patriotism is therefore an intelligent, strong, active love of the country of one's birth or adoption. It is intelligent, because all true love must be intelligent, i.e., based on the good perceived in the object loved. Patriotism is a strong love, because the ardor of love must be measured by the benefits received from the one loved. Patriotism is an active love, because no true love can be internal alone, but must be manifested in service, in gifts, in loyalty and sacrifice.

It is therefore only a sham patriotism in a man if he loves what is bad as well as what is good in his country. He must, if he love his country, try to change what is bad into good. It is mock patriotism if a man loves his own country, not merely more ardently than other countries, as he should, but to the exclusion of all other countries. It is no patriotism if a man professes to love his country, but will do nothing and suffer nothing to help or protect it.

MEET THE MATCHMAKER

Match-making is a term usually concerned with the romances of youth. In its realistic meaning, however, it has romance of its own.

F. BOCKWINKEL

MATCHES are so very commonplace now that Americans are given to prodigality where a match is concerned. The match with which a man lights his cigarette, a woman lights her stove, a child lights his firecracker, was one hundred and fifty years in the making. Take a match in hand; look at it reverently. That little match has been handled gently a century and a half. But with a little scratch across the sole of a shoe it is lighted and ready to serve its purpose.

The history of the match begins almost eleven hundred years ago with the discovery of phosphorus by a poor Arab named Bechel. For some unknown reason Bechel is not associated universally with the discovery and few mention his name. But the man to whom the greatest debt is owed for bringing phosphorus to the people was a Hamburg chemist. In the year 1667 a certain Professor Brandt accidentally came upon phosphorus while searching for the ever elusive philosopher's stone. At first only two other chemists were permitted to see the new discovery. One of them, Kunkel, had already been searching for just such an element and was vitally interested in Brandt's discovery. He it was who revealed the secret as well as a method of producing large supplies to a Mr. Boyle of the Royal Society of London. Soon the English people were supplied with phosphorus through Godfrey Haukwitz, a London druggist. Then things began to happen.

Besides dispensing corn-plasters, bandages, and sundry drugs, Haukwitz was also an expert chemist. He successfully experimented with phosphorus, and near the turn of the 18th century found that light could be obtained quickly with the friction of phosphorus and sulphur. Small particles of phosphorus rubbed between folds of paper produced the flame which lighted a sulphur-tipped match. Although Haukwitz's invention was of extreme importance in match history still it was both expensive and explosive. Lighting a fire the Haukwitz way

was too dangerous an occupation for most people. Hence the search for new methods.

We of the short-cut, get-there-quick age are amused today as we view the parade of fire-making apparatus brought forth by men of those early days. The phosphorus bottle, for instance, must have been a trying invention. The bottle contained a tiny lump of phosphorus; its side walls were coated with oxide of phosphorus. Into this combination of combustible chemicals the brave among the citizenry threw a sulphur-tipped piece of wood. Often an explosion rather than a mere light was caused with the result that this invention was short-lived.

At this time several other fire-producing expedients were tried but soon abandoned. In 1805 Monsieur Chancel offered the world a dangerous oxymuriate match. Then there was the brimstone match so universally used till the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Sparks from flint and steel were used to ignite the strips of dry pine wood which had been immersed in melted sulphur. In 1825 a London boy made the headlines with his Instantaneous Light Box. This box contained wooden sticks dipped in a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphur. To ignite one such stick it was necessary to dip it into a solution of sulphuric acid. Such a process indeed started fires but at the price of expensive chemicals, dangerous acid, and too many inconvenient explosions. There was a sad Mr. Jones in London that year because this danger and the high price of production kept the Instantaneous Light Box from becoming an every day commodity.

THE first friction match, invented by John Walker of Stocton-on-Tees, replaced the other matches as the best method of producing a light. Though Walker showed his genius in eliminating the ritual of thrusting matches into bottles and the like, his mixture was also dangerous to the chemically uninitiated. It called for the placing of chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony over a sulphur coated stick. This match ignited when drawn through folds of sandpaper but because it was easy to exert too much pressure in so doing there followed many explosions. Such matches cost a shilling (or twenty-five cents) for a box of eighty-four, or about one cent's worth of modern matches.

The first patent to manufacture friction matches in the United States was given to Alonzo D. Phillips, a native of Springfield, Massachusetts. A great amount of sulphur was used on these matches so that offensive

odors always accompanied the striking of a match. Soon paraffin was substituted for sulphur, and the amount of phosphorus was lessened. This happy combination made the "parlor match," a less gaseous, less malodorous match than its more dangerous predecessor.

Important history was made in the match industry when Professor Anton von Shrotter in 1845 discovered red or amorphous phosphorus. In 1855 Lundstrom made good use of the discovery and pioneered in the manufacture of the safety match. Instead of sulphuring his match-tips, he put a coat of sulphur on the side of the match box. Hence only when it was drawn across the side of the box did the match ignite.

London was the center of the industry during its infancy. Charles Dickens found plentiful material for his books in the match shops during the late eighteen hundreds when the match industry began to boom. The shops were poorly illumined and poorly aired. These sad conditions together with the handling of the phosphorus and the inhaling of its fumes caused a serious illness called necrosis of the bone. It was not long before an epidemic broke out among the match-makers of London. It soon became widespread, much to the consternation of the government and the populace, who feared that the disease would be carried to the purchasers of the matches. Happily, the government intervened and forced the manufacturers to rectify the poor lighting and the poorer ventilation of their work shops.

It was to white phosphorus that much of the disease among match-makers of the late eighteen hundreds was attributed. Then followed in 1864 the discovery which became so extremely important to the match industry. Lemoine, a Frenchman, found that a compound which chemists call sesquisulfide of phosphorus was the best substitute for the deadly white phosphorus. The combination is used today in the United States on all strike-anywhere matches; and white phosphorus is practically outlawed in this country because of the heavy tax on it.

PINE trees two hundred feet high and three feet round and over one hundred and fifty years old are used for matches. Such trees yield two thousand feet of lumber or about ten million matches. Sawed into two inch planks, the wood is seasoned for a year or more for greater strength and then cut into match sized blocks of about two and a half inches long. It is then fed into a modern, high-speed cutting machine — each of which is estimated to cut six million matches a day.

The match sticks are dipped in melted paraffin which acts as a carrier of the flame from the head of the match to the stick. Next a chemical solution of ammonium phosphate is applied to the match stick which is then dried in a hot-air chamber. This gives the match a non-explosive quality, and, incidentally, accounts for the charcoal appearance of a burnt match.

Finally, the present day strike-anywhere match is tipped with different size bulbs. The tip of the match is smaller than the next bulb, the purpose of which is to protect the tip from unavoidable friction. When a match is struck friction ignites the tip which then ignites the bulb. The burning bulb lights the paraffin and the stick.

The sticks are now punched out of the machine plates and received into a trough. Down this they proceed to an automatic packer by which they are wrapped six boxes to a package. Their first handling since their entrance into the machine comes now as they are packed twenty-four packages to a case.

Today the book match has become as popular as the safety match, especially in the business world. It is a unique, highly successful method of advertising. Firms employ high salaried commercial artists for the task of creating appealing match book covers. Perhaps no medium of advertising is as low in cost and as high in efficiency as the book match. This type of match is the latest addition to the match family and its future is indeed bright.

SUCH, then, is the story of every box or package of matches, a story that proves romance is found in more than one kind of match-making.

Lightning Rods and Earthquakes

Benjamin Franklin's lightning rods met with fierce criticism when they first appeared. After a mild earthquake in Boston, a minister named Prince wrote in all seriousness: "The more points of iron are erected around the earth, to draw the Electrical substance out of the air, the more the Earth must needs be charged with it. And therefore it seems worthy of consideration, whether any part of the Earth being fuller of this terrible substance may not be more exposed to more shocking earthquakes. In Boston are more erected than anywhere else in New England; and Boston seems to be more dreadfully shaken."

PATRONS FOR AUGUST

August contributes its share to a demonstration of the universality of sainthood, and maybe your own particular need is celebrated here.

PATRON OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD

(*St. John Vianney, August 9*)

St. John Vianney, better known as the Curé of Ars, fortunately had a one track mind. He set out on it before anyone could stop him; and he finished by making an ass out of the devil and a saint out of himself. His intensive humility and sharpened sense of responsibility made him see the towering essentials of his office as a priest and a shepherd of souls; his love of God made him carry out to perfection the principles and convictions of his heart.

The priest of America working today on the home front for God and his country is facing the same problem of paganism that the Curé of Ars faced; for a priest is the leader against a country's greatest enemy — the enemy within. For 365 sixteen-hour days he must devote every breath he draws to build up power against the discord of fear and anxiety that is attempting to isolate the hearts of Americans. Besides meditating with God at Holy Mass and during the Hours of the Breviary, he must baptize, absolve, console, reprimand, give good example, suffer hardships and even hatred — all this for the defense of God and country.

Brave soldiers are asked to die for their country. In the case of the priest even more is demanded. He must give his whole life, he must walk into the jaws of death and still continue to live. Like St. John Vianney he must never refuse God no matter what the request.

The task of the Catholic priesthood undergoing another acid test today, thank God, exceeds all natural powers. Heaven has to take over. On April 13, 1929, Pope Pius XI made one provision for this by declaring the Curé of Ars to be the "Heavenly Patron of all parish priests and priests with the care of souls in the whole world." The victory of the priests of God at home will determine the outcome of the struggle at the front. If you want to remember Pearl Harbor with profit, storm heaven for priests. Especially pray to St. John Vianney to

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intercede for priests like himself who was all that a priest should be, and, in acknowledgment of his accomplishments, is now invoked as their special patron.

PATRON OF COOKS

(St. Owen, August 24)

Cooks in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps are the unsung heroes of great military conquests. No bands greet them, no trumpets salute them, no parades are staged in their honor, no decorations are publicly conferred. Cooks know only the dull, eternal thud of the meat-chopper or the sarcastic snicker of an egg-beater. But good cooks, more than anyone else, sustain the morale of our armed men. Experience shows that an army marches to victory only on a full stomach!

The Catholic Church, the real mother that she is, realizes that eating has played its constant part in the life of men — especially soldiers — from the very beginning. For the most part, she has always considered eating a necessity to be indulged in, more or less vigorously, three times a day. And because cooks are an essential requisite if we are to eat, the Church has given us St. Owen as an inspiration for those who work in the kitchen, or, in the case of soldiers, in the scullery.

Catholic mothers and sisters in the home — to say nothing of our armed men in the service, who are destined to spend most of their time dishing up chow for those at the front or pilots in the air, — know little or nothing of St. Owen besides his name. Here you have a chance to get acquainted.

St. Owen was educated at the court of King Clothar II in Frankish Gaul. By his own diligent efforts he gradually had himself promoted from the kitchen to the throne room, and finally he was elected an adviser to the King. Later on in life he was consecrated Bishop of Rouen. Even as Bishop he retained — in a spiritual way — the characteristics of a fastidious cook; he was famous for having his ecclesiastical hand in everything. He strenuously resisted simonistic practices, demanded an audience at the synod of Chalons, and in general had his say in the running of the entire Frankish Empire.

This short sketch is not designed to inspire a sudden devotion to St. Owen. Rather it is intended to show that the Catholic Church doesn't shrink from drawing her saints from any sphere or profession in life. In two thousand years she has canonized kings and queens and pious paupers; she has distributed eternal laurels to priests and nuns and

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saintly novices. But she didn't stop there. Here we find her on duty, a sort of glorified K.P., standing next to the stove and the sink in search for saints. She found St. Owen, and we hope your brief acquaintance with him will help you during those impatient moments when the steak burns to an ugly black or the stew clings tenaciously to the bottom of the pan.

OTHER PATRONS OF AUGUST

- August 1: St. Lydia: Patron of dyers.
August 2: St. Abel: Patron of the blind and lame.
August 2: St. Stephen I: Martyr; Pope; Patron against fever.
August 3: St. Aspre: Bishop; Patron against headache.
August 4: St. Dominic: Patron of Astronomers.
August 5: St. Emidius: Patron against earthquakes.
August 6: St. Staminus: Bishop; Patron against the gout.
August 7: St. Cajetan: Patron in hard unseen petitions.
August 9: St. John Vianney: Patron of the Catholic Priesthood.
August 10: St. Lawrence: Deacon; Martyr; Patron of the poor, of cooks; against fire and lumbago.
August 11: St. Ergat: Invoked against rheumatism.
August 11: St. Alexander: Bishop; Martyr; Patron of charcoal burners.
August 12: St. Clare: Virgin; Patron against sore eyes.
August 13: St. John Berchmans: Patron of Mass servers and youth.
August 15: St. Tarsisius: Martyr; Patron of First Communicants.
August 16: St. Roch: Patron against pestilence, cholera, disease, vomiting, purging and skin diseases; Patron of invalids.
August 18: St. Helen: Patron of dyers, needlers, nailsmiths.
August 18: St. Agapitus: Martyr; Invoked against colic.
August 19: St. Arnulph: Bishop; Confessor; Patron of brewers, millers, invoked as finder for lost things.
August 20: St. Bernard: Abbot and Doctor; Patron of bees, wax-chandlers.
August 24: St. Owen: Patron of innkeepers, hotel-keepers, cooks, invoked against deafness.
August 24: St. Bartholomew: Apostle; Patron of plasterers.
August 25: St. Louis IX, King of France: Patron of barbers, painters, horse-traders, stone masons.
August 25: St. Genesius: Martyr and Comedian; Patron of notaries, actors; against scrofula, and chilblain.
August 26: St. Anastasius, the Fuller: Martyr; Patron of fullers, cloth-traders, weavers.
August 26: St. Orontius: Bishop; Martyr: Patron for rain.
August 28: St. Augustine: Bishop; Confessor: Patron of theologians, printers, brewers, invoked against sore eyes.
August 30: St. Fiacre: Confessor; Patron of gardeners and French cab drivers.
August 31: St. Raymond Nonnatus: Patron of the falsely accused; of midwives.

Doers vs. Undoers

Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain and teach others to abstain from all that is sinful and harmful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active, sympathetic benevolence.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Problem: Can anything be done for a violent temper that seems to be beyond the control of my husband? Every day he is becoming less controlled. If I suggest buying a new dress, he flies into a rage. If I differ with him in a discussion, he becomes sarcastic and mean. Even with the children he becomes at times furious and all but violent. Is there anything I can do?

Solution: There are few things in human life that are harder to handle and correct than somebody else's temper. This is so much a matter of *self*-control that control by another often seems to be but futile effort.

However, there are many contributing causes to explosions of temper in marriage, and it is well to examine them before resigning yourself to the situation as inevitable. First, of course, among them is the frequency of your own manifestations of anger. It is remarkable how often a wife complains about her husband's temper when she has a fairly ungovernable one of her own. Sometimes she does not realize this fact because she argues speciously that her anger is always justified, that she never breaks out until he has started it, that she doesn't care about herself but only explodes when her children or her family are concerned. It doesn't matter, madam, *why* you get angry yourself; if the fact is that you do, you are responsible for feeding the anger of your husband.

Another contributing cause to the habit of anger is some secretly nursed grudge on the part of a wife. She may righteously think that she is concealing it, but it will be in the very atmosphere of the home, in the cast of her voice, in the silences of her mood. A grudge is simply a permanent refusal to forgive some real or imaginary injury. If a husband is not as rich as he was expected to be, if he has turned out to be less generous than anticipated, if he has made a mistake of some kind, a wife may hold a grudge. As long as she holds it, she is inviting anger, and is in large part responsible for the same. If grudges between husbands and wives were never permitted to exist beyond sundown, there would be few explosions of anger in homes!

THE FILM IS THE THING

A MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS

E. F. MILLER

ACT I

Time: 7 o'clock in the morning.

Scene: Shows a room in the White House, Washington, D. C. Furnishings, conventional. A group of senators, representatives and newspaper men are sitting stiffly in straight-back chairs. Mrs. Roosevelt is off in a corner (back-stage), knitting diligently. Mr. Roosevelt, the president, is standing in the midst of the company, a large parchment-like paper in his right hand. His left hand is behind his back. As the curtain rises, he is heard reading from the paper.

The President (dramatically): Be it advised, then, and strongly urged on the owners, producers, directors and promoters of the film industry that they delete and eliminate from the screen in future motion pictures all preliminary titles, names and announcements of and about those who were instrumental in making the picture, excepting only those men and women who actually took part in the acting and whom the patrons of the theater would possibly like to know. There has been found in film an element necessary to us in our defense efforts. Motion pictures, therefore, should be shortened. By presidential decree we now throw the ball to Hollywood, with the sincere hope that the citizens of that commonwealth will get in there and pitch. They can, they shall, they must. *(Takes off glasses, smiles and sits down.)*

Newspaper Men (Making a mad rush for the door. They become all tangled up in the process. Several are knocked flat on their faces. The others walk over the prostrate bodies): Telephone! Telephone! Where's the telephone? This is hot stuff.

Senators and Representatives (In the midst of the confusion they are clapping their hands in the direction of the president, and shouting): Bravo! Bravo! Hear! Hear! Magnificent!

Mrs. Roosevelt (Her eyes are kept strictly on her knitting throughout the excitement, and her fingers continue to go like sixty): It's a fine day outside today. I do hope that it does not rain.

Small Boy (He comes into the room, dressed in the uniform of a

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page. He has in his hands a box of cigars. He goes up to the president): Say, Pres., I heard that last line. Truly Homeric in construction, and Lincolnesque in sentiment. Very good. Boy! To think that we don't have to look at all that junk at the beginning of the movies anymore. Boy! (He passes around the cigars, first to Mr. Roosevelt, who smilingly refuses but takes out a cigarette instead, to the senators and representatives, and lastly to Mrs. Roosevelt. As the curtain goes down, the room is rapidly filling with smoke.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Time: Evening of the following day.

Scene: A luxurious apartment in Hollywood, California. The room has been decorated and designed according to prints in a book that dealt with the history of Sodom and Gomorrha. Everything is golden, silk and soft. A fountain, in the center of the room, casts upwards a stream of colored and perfumed water. Beautiful girls sit around languidly. A group of producers, directors and promoters of moving pictures occupy lounges, and sip on highballs.

One of the Beautiful Girls: Ho hum.

First Producer (Paying no attention to her): You are right, Otto. It is impossible to suppose that we shall or should cut out our names from the pictures. The people won't stand for it.

Second Producer: Yes, Clarence. I cannot see what our good president was thinking of. Why, our names take up only two hundred feet of film.

First Director (Moodyly): Take us out and we'd be as nameless as heads without bodies. We'd have no publicity with which to carry on. No, a thousand times no. Never is what I say, and so I shall always say. There are limits even to patriotism. St. Thomas says that virtue is in the middle. Virtus stat in medio. Those are his exact words.

Third Owner: If it were merely a question of vanity, I would be with the president all the way. But it's not a question of vanity. It's a question of money. That makes all the difference in the world. I'm afraid I'll have to agree with Simon. As a conscientious objector, I'll have to veto the president's wish, hard though it is for me to say the words.

All: We cannot; we will not. We are citizens. We'll have no dictators

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in a country that has been dedicated to liberty. (*There is much thumping of tables and other objects. A colored man comes into the room, bearing a tray of new highballs. He gathers up the spent glasses, and dispenses the fresh ones.*)

Second Director: What then shall we do? We must do something. We are Americans. (*There is a moment of silence. Deep thought.*)

First Director: I have it. We'll each give a hundred dollars to the Red Cross. And we'll have pictures taken of these beautiful girls, dressed up in Red Cross uniforms, receiving the gift from our hands. The papers will gobble it up.

All: Good. That's what we'll do. (*Purses are dug out of pockets, and for a few minutes money flies back and forth fast and furiously. One of the girls is elected to hold it. When she has it all, she comes up-stage and does a dance.*)

First Producer (When the dance is over): But we'll have to do something about the film too. We can't just pass over the president's suggestion without at least a gesture. What would the papers say?

First Director: You are right as usual, Clarence. And I think I have the solution. We'll cut down on the plot. A few hundred feet taken away from the plot will make no difference. In fact it'll add an element of suspense and surprise to the pictures.

First Owner (Looking perplexed): The plot? What's that? (*Producers, Directors and beautiful girls gather around the First Owner, and begin explaining to him what is a plot. As the curtain drops, they have forgotten the First Owner, and are arguing amongst themselves, in little groups of two's and three's as to the nature of a plot. The curtain strikes the floor as a producer and a director square off for a fist fight.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene: A farm house in Applejack, South Dakota. A simple room, furnished sparsely. An elderly man, dressed in overalls, his face furrowed and almost black from long hours in the sun, is seated at a table in the center of the room. Near him is his wife, quaintly dressed but kindly in appearance. She is not knitting. Their boy, in the uniform of the United States army is between them.

Father: Well, son, I hope you do your mother and me credit when you get out there.

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Son: I sure hate to go, Dad, and leave you with all the farm work. Do you think you'll be able to manage it?

Father (Lighting his pipe): Don't give it a thought. Mother and I would like to keep you; and the farm could use you. But if the country needs you, well, son, we're glad to give you up.

Son: Gee, Dad, I'm glad to hear you say that. Because, you see, I really want to go and do my part. Naturally, I'd prefer to stay here. But not when there's bigger work to be done. I love the United States just like anybody else. Right now it's my job to fight for her.

Father: Of course it's your job. And we'll get along here somehow until you get back. *(He gets up, goes over to his son, and puts an arm around his shoulder.)* We want you to go, boy. But it's going to be some lonesome without you. *(A horn sounds offstage.)*

Son: I guess that's for me. I'll have to be going. *(He begins to gather up his bundles.)*

Mother (She is weeping softly): Don't mind me, son. I'm just crying because I'm so proud. *(She smiles.)* But, Oh, you will be careful, won't you?

(As the curtain goes down, the young man is seen tenderly kissing his mother farewell.)

CURTAIN

Definitions of the Soul

Our soul is a mirror which reflects the image of God. We must not mar it.

Our soul is a precious vase in our hand. We must not break it.

Our soul is a well-tuned harp from which God's fingers lure the most wonderful melodies. We must not make it discordant.

Our soul is a clear spring. We must not poison it.

Our soul is a lovely white flower. We must not tread it underfoot.

* Our soul is a fiery flame. We must not extinguish it. *

Our soul is a sigh for God. We must not repress it.

Our soul is God's wandering child, a celestial angel strayed from its heavenly home. Let us so live that we may lead it back to God's kingdom.—*Bishop Toth.*

MR. TITMOUSE AT THE RESTAURANT

Lovers of home-cooking should appreciate this word-painting of a man's attempts to "eat out." Its glamor is deceiving.

L. G. MILLER

THERE comes a time in the life of almost every man when either by choice or necessity he finds himself taking dinner in a restaurant. Anyone not accustomed to restaurant procedure is apt to find this quite a strain on the nerves, unless he is one of those rare individuals who know by instinct just how to act in unfamiliar circumstances. Mr. Osbert Titmouse was not such a person, and his harrowing experiences may perhaps be found instructive.

Restaurants, broadly speaking, divide themselves into two kinds, the restaurant proper and the cafeteria. In the former you select your food, sight unseen, from a menu, and the waiter or waitress brings it to you after the lapse of a certain amount of time. In the latter you take your dinner from a large selection of foods on exhibition, and carry the assembled items to the table of your choice.

The merit of the cafeteria system rests on the fact that you see what you are buying, and you buy as little or as much as you please, at a fixed rate for each separate item. This program sounds easy, but to carry it through requires a strong will and a forceful personality. The cafeteria should definitely be avoided by the timid and irresolute, if they wish to avoid a severe strain on their nerves, not to mention their stomachs. The case of Mr. Titmouse, whom we may in all charity classify as timid and irresolute, will be an illustration in point.

Mr. Titmouse was not indeed without certain sterling qualities of character, but in no sense of the term could he be called a dynamic personality. When he entered the cafeteria, therefore, on a fateful day not long ago, it was with a feeling of apprehension which disposed him very little for the rough handling that was in store. It was the noon hour, just when the press of customers was most heavy. He was given his check, moved along with the crowd, and before he knew it, found himself equipped with a set of eating utensils upon a tray. Gradually pushing along, he found himself at last standing before a tempting

array of foods, ranging from lobster salad to angel food cake, all of them displayed advantageously beneath a glass counter and presided over by half a dozen bustling young women.

Unfortunately, Mr. Titmouse had given no consideration as to what he wanted for dinner before coming into the cafeteria, and, faced now with a sudden decision to be made, he found himself in a quandary.

"Yours, please?" said one of the bustling young women, as she stood with dipper poised, waiting to plunge it into whatever dish he might signify. Mr. Titmouse hesitated, and behind him in line two grimy workmen began to grumble querulously.

"Come on, bud, make up your mind, will ya?" said one.

"Get moving, we ain't got all day," said the other, exhaling upon the back of Mr. Titmouse's neck. Mr. Titmouse flung out his hand desperately and pointed in the general direction of a pan of corn.

"I'll take some of that," he said, apologetically. The waitress scooped out a spoonful of carrots (which Mr. Titmouse loathed) and placed them on his plate. Mr. Titmouse swallowed hard, looked at an array of salads, and waved his hand towards them. The waitress leaped to action like a soldier to his gun. By this time our hero was so badly confused that he scarcely knew what he was ordering. As a result, when he reached the end of the counter, he found himself in possession of the following assorted items: a helping of carrots, three kinds of salad, two dishes of jello, and a portion of cheese pudding.

Mr. Titmouse now looked about him for a table, and realized desperately that whereas several had been open when he entered the cafeteria, not a single one was unoccupied now. However, he spied an unoccupied chair at the further end of the room, and apologetically advanced towards it, balancing his tray in one hand, his hat in the other, and stumbling over fourteen pairs of legs between the crowded tables. Having arrived at his goal, he unloaded his tray, while the man seated next to him looked curiously at the strange assortment of food which Mr. Titmouse had brought.

Trying to act as if he had ordered three salads and two dishes of jello entirely by design, Mr. Titmouse set about eating. He wanted some meat, but he was far too shaken to approach the counter and ask for it. For the same reason he went without coffee. With not even a glass of water to wash down his food, he disposed of the carrots, the cheese pudding, the three salads and the two dishes of jello. And feel-

ing that the eyes of all were upon him (by this time he was a victim of hallucinations), he retired from the scene, resolved in his heart never to take another meal outside the sanctuary of his own home.

UNFORTUNATELY, in two weeks time Mr. Titmouse was obliged to break his good resolution. His wife attended a banquet for the Ladies' Air Raid Auxiliary, and he was left to provide dinner for himself. Consequently, we now follow Mr. Titmouse as he enters a restaurant, little thinking that trials awaited him there which would be fully as great as those experienced in the cafeteria.

Upon entering the restaurant, Mr. Titmouse, according to the approved procedure, was taken in hand by a young woman acting as hostess.

"I'd like a quiet table in the rear," said Mr. Titmouse. The hostess nodded graciously, and complied by placing him at a table in the very center of the restaurant, where he could be observed simultaneously from all directions of the compass. Mr. Titmouse sat down timidly, and after a moment realized with embarrassment that he was the only man in the establishment with his hat on. Quickly he removed it, and failing to find a hat rack within easy reach, placed his hat carefully beneath the table, where in the course of his meal it came into frequent contact with his shoes.

By this time the waitress had brought him a menu, and was standing over him expectantly. Mr. Titmouse studied the menu, and after hovering helplessly between lamb chops and roast beef, finally selected a club sandwich. Right here is where he made his great mistake, as will appear in the course of the narrative. The waitress took his order, and moved briskly away, and our hero was left to himself. All around him were people at various stages of their dinner. Some were waiting to be served, some were half finished, others were smoking a leisurely after-dinner cigarette. It was a peaceful and a heart-warming scene, and Mr. Titmouse wondered how he could have been so mistrustful and afraid. Alas, it was the calm before the storm.

The waitress appeared with his order, and Mr. Titmouse stiffened with horror as he gazed upon his club sandwich. It was at least four inches thick, and full of juices and various kinds of vegetable matter. He looked around furtively, and it seemed to him that the people at neighboring tables were beginning to inspect him with great interest.

There is something fascinating about watching a person eat, and never is the fascination more keen than when the person has chosen to eat a club sandwich.

Mr. Titmouse looked at his sandwich with disgust. How loathsome it suddenly appeared to be! How greasy and unappetizing! However, there was nothing to be done but eat it. It would be cowardly to leave it on the table and walk out, and he didn't dare ask the waitress to exchange it. With a sudden burst of courage, Mr. Titmouse took the sandwich firmly in his two hands, and by extending his jaws to their utmost width, managed to take a bite. The first effort was far from encouraging. For one thing, the juices in the sandwich immediately spurted out of its sides and dripped over his hands. For another, he encountered in his bite a large piece of ham and a leaf of lettuce. As he tried to take the sandwich away from his teeth, he found himself in the awkward position of being forced to drag out the whole interior of the sandwich. Only after a severe struggle, during which he exercised every muscle in his face and neck, was he able to complete his bite and set the mangled sandwich back on its plate.

With his eyes still tightly closed, Mr. Titmouse groped for his napkin and wiped the aftermath from his face and hands. Not until then did he look cautiously around. Only averted gazes met his eye, but it seemed to him that they had been hastily averted, and upon some of the faces he thought he could detect a look of pain and pity. With sinking heart Mr. Titmouse realized that his epic struggle with the club sandwich was assured of a large and interested audience.

We will draw a curtain over the remainder of this harrowing scene. Suffice it to say that when the waitress came to ask Mr. Titmouse if he wished any dessert, he jumped like a startled rabbit at the sound of her voice.

"No dessert, thank you," he assured her.

"Will that be all, then?"

"That will be all," said Mr. Titmouse, firmly. It was remarkable that he had presence of mind to think of leaving a tip. But even here luck was against him. He searched his pockets, and found not a penny of change. Taking his check, he made his way towards the cashier's desk. There were a couple of people ahead of him, and so, by the time he had received his change and looked back at his table, the waitress had already cleared it, and a man and woman were occupying the chairs.

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There was no chance of leaving a tip now, and as for handing it directly to the waitress, Mr. Titmouse doubted if he could pick her out from among her fellow waitresses. Probably she had already labelled him in her mind as a cheapskate.

With a sigh that was almost a sob, Mr. Titmouse went out into the night. Let all timid persons of either sex look after him as he plods along with bent shoulders, and learn from his pitiful story the pitfalls of the cafeteria and the restaurant.

Tables Turned

Father O'Donnell was Vice President of Notre Dame while Don Miller, one of the famous "Four Horsemen," was a student. On more than one occasion the Vice President refused the student the privilege of leaving the campus to visit friends in South Bend.

Then came the first World War, and the tables were turned. Father O'Donnell was a chaplain, and as such rated only a first lieutenant commission, while Don Miller was a captain. To make matters worse, the priest was under his former student. Here is the report of their first meeting as told by Father McGuire in his book *Rig for Church*.

The tall priest entered the tent and finding Miller sitting at a desk, exclaimed:

"Well, well, Miller. Fancy finding you here!"

Miller stiffly replied, "Captain Miller to you, Chaplain."

"Very well," said the priest, a bit perplexed. "Captain Miller, I've come for a pass. I have things to do in town . . ."

Miller glared at him with feigned annoyance. "Not granted, Sir." He kept his face rigid.

"But, Miller, I . . ."

"Captain Miller, if you please."

Don Miller finally relented and wrote out a pass for the bewildered priest. And then he laughed. He said he simply could not resist the temptation to "get even."

Oddments

It takes 60 to 70 yards of cloth to make a regulation size parachute.

Out of a pound of platinum, nearly 5,000 miles of wire can be spun so fine that it will float in the air.

The hull of a 35,000 ton battleship requires as much iron and steel as 24,000 automobiles.

WHAT IS THE SOCIAL QUESTION?

1. *Meaning:* A *question* denotes a problem or difficulty which demands solution. The *social question* is the problem of the evils, grievances, and injustices involved in society or in a social group, especially those affecting the wage-earning classes, and demanding a remedy. Some of these grievances are: insufficient wages, unemployment, labor disputes, bad housing and insufficient provision for the future.

2. *State of Affairs:* a) The social question today in the United States is overshadowed by the war question. But once the war is over, the social question is bound to clamor for an answer more insistently, perhaps, than before; and thinking people are already beginning to try to understand the question so that they can be ready to formulate and apply an answer or solution. b) The danger is that while at present employment may be plentiful and wages high, things will return to what they were before the war when, as President Roosevelt said, "one-third of the nation was ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed." c) In 1935-6, for instance, according to a report of the National Resources Committee, the average annual income of one-third of the people in the United States—13 million families and single people—was only \$471. The next third of the nation's people had an annual income of \$1,076. It has been estimated variously that between \$1,500 and \$2,000 are necessary for a decent and comfortable livelihood.

3. *Pressing Problem:* a) Various answers or solutions have been proposed to the social question, but some of them, like Communism and Nazism, bring no true solution; rather, as Pope Leo XIII said, they are "a remedy worse than the disease." b) Both Communism and Nazism hold 1) that the State is absolute and supreme; 2) that the individual exists for the State and not the State for the individual; 3) that all rights (personal, political, economic, or religious) originate with and can be modified or destroyed at the will of the State.

4. *True Solution:* The practical solution of the social question, for Americans, is, at the present time, 1) the defeat of Nazism, 2) the rejection of Communism both now and after the war, and 3) readiness to eliminate the evils existent in social relations before the war.

POPE BENEDICT XV AND PEACE

To all who have ever fallen prey to the suspicion or calumny that the Popes are not interested in peace, let this (the first of two articles) be a complete answer. It is the record of the Pope who lived and died for peace in World War I.

F. A. BRUNNER

BENEDICT XV was the Pope of the first World War. He was likewise the Pope of peace. His was not primarily the task of governing men in the pursuit of peace and happiness; his care was to produce that peace. In place of considering problems regulating the attitude of the Catholic Church towards modern civilization, he had to be watching the threatening destruction of civilization itself.

The device adopted by Benedict XV at the start of his pontificate, "*Misereor super turbam*," — "I have compassion on the crowd" — seems to have been providentially chosen, for it sums up in a most expressive way the loving-kindness which characterized the work of the pontiff. Apart from his efforts, his unavailing efforts, to stop the carnage of the war, he interested himself in alleviating the sufferings of mankind without distinction of race or creed. Benedict XV surely will get the blessing of peace-makers, for his great endeavor was to end war and bring back peace into the world. His overtures were very notable and worthy of consideration, worthy of remembrance, though at the time they were made they were little listened to. In vain he awaited the hour to unravel Europe from the coils of militarism. The world was so beset with nationalistic pride and race hatred and so bedevilled with centuries-old traditions of antipathy that all his projects for a peace conference that would bring enduring peace came to naught.

James Cardinal della Chiesa became Pope in 1914 and reigned unhappily till 1922. The son of the Marchese della Chiesa, he was the descendant of ancient and distinguished families through both his parents, his mother being a member of the Abruzzi clan to which Pope Innocent VII (1404-06) belonged. His early instruction at the Academy of Ecclesiastical Nobles, the training-school for those desiring to serve the Church in a diplomatic capacity, profited him well later as Pope. Here at the Academy his unusual intelligence, application, and tact attracted the attention of Msgr. Rampolla and when the latter was sent

as nuncio to Madrid in 1883 he chose the young prelate as his secretary. When Msgr. Rampolla returned to Rome in 1887 to be made a cardinal and secretary of state by Leo XIII, della Chiesa continued to serve as his secretary till, in 1901, he was named permanent under-secretary, a post he continued to occupy under Cardinal Merry del Val who became secretary for Pius X in 1903. The knowledge he thus acquired of international relations with the papacy was to be of inestimable worth later. In 1907 Pope Pius X personally consecrated him Archbishop of the large diocese of Bologna. He was revered for his charity and social endeavors and became at this time a member in perpetuity of the Red Cross. On the death of Pius X, della Chiesa was elected, September 3, 1914, to succeed as sovereign pontiff. He was the 260th in line of the followers of St. Peter.

AT THE outbreak of the war, while he was yet Archbishop of Bologna, the Pope of peace had delivered an address on the attitude of the Church as universal mother of the nations, proclaiming it her duty to preserve strict neutrality, to promote peace, and to assist the suffering everywhere. This was the key-note of his policy as pope. In the face of criticism by those who wished him to act as judge of the warring parties, he remained consistently neutral, siding with no one without, however, hesitating to condemn inhuman warfare methods and to express horror at the suffering of innocent victims.

His first words as Pope were a plea for peace. Two days after he had been crowned he addressed his first message, "*Ubi primum*," dated September 8, 1914, to the Catholic world. It was cry of horror at the spectacle of the awful misery into which the war had plunged nations, an exhortation to Catholics to pray earnestly that God might lay aside his scourge, and an entreaty to the heads of the warring powers to enter into negotiations for peace. With fatherly solicitude for his children, he spelled out the prayer from St. Paul's letter to the Colossians, that God might reconcile all things, whether on the earth or in the heavens, making peace through the blood of His cross. The first of his encyclicals, "*Ad Beatissimi Apostolorum Principis*," was issued on November 1, after the first three months of the war. In it the Pope repeated his earnest supplication to the belligerent peoples to make a cessation of hostilities and have recourse to arbitration. He outlined the general causes of war, declaring that the manifold evils afflicting society, and

even the war itself, were the result of the abandonment of Christian principles in the ruling of states and in social and economic life. After depicting these evils with the vividness of one who had meditated long and seriously, he called for a return to religion and ended with a final plea for peace.

Benedict XV spent the following weeks of that year in a generous and truly Christian effort, unfortunately not crowned with success, to obtain a cessation of actual battle during the hallowed days when the world celebrates the coming of Him who brought peace to men of good will. Christmas even, in his allocution to the Cardinals, he sorrowfully alluded to these fruitless efforts to arrange a respite for Christmas day at least, but expressed the hope of securing an exchange of prisoners.

The next year, 1915, had scarcely begun when the Pope on January 10 published his decree inviting and urging clergy and laity alike to practice penance as a means of appeasing God's anger, and appointing February 7 for Europe and March 21 for the rest of the world as a day for public and united prayer for peace. On January 22, in an allocution addressed to the sacred Consistory, the Holy Father severely reproved the violations of justice that had taken place, and insisted once more on his strict duty of preserving an unconditional impartiality toward all the warring nations. A message on July 28, 1915, "To the Peoples now at War and to Their Rulers," was an even more direct effort. The message was published on August 1, the first anniversary of the outset of the war. He again expressed his anguish of heart and his desire that the nations might become brothers, settle their difficulties not by the savagery of gunnery but by a calm consideration of equity and fairness.

The abounding wealth with which God the Creator has enriched the lands that are subject to you, allow you to go on with the struggle; but at what cost? Let the thousands of young lives quenched every day on the fields of battle make answer: answer, the ruins of so many towns and villages, of so many monuments raised by the piety and genius of your ancestors. And the bitter tears shed in the secrecy of home, or at the foot of altars where suppliants beseech,—do not these also repeat that the price of the long drawn-out struggle is great—too great?

Nor let it be said that the immense conflict cannot be settled without the violence of war. Lay aside your mutual purpose of destruction. Remember that nations do not die; humbled and oppressed, they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge.

Why not from this moment weigh with serene mind the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will an exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account, within

the limits of possibility, those rights and aspirations, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done under other similar circumstances? Blessed be he who will first raise the olive-branch, and hold out his right hand to the enemy with an offer of reasonable terms of peace.

The Holy Father could not let the year close without again pleading for peace. Peace was the burden of the allocution addressed to the secret Consistory held on December 6. Recalling his position as the successor of the Prince of Peace, he alluded to his well-known efforts to alleviate the horrors of war and his purpose to use every endeavor to prevent such horrors in future. For this purpose he declared that a way to peace, just, durable and stable, consisted in a clear formulation by the respective parties of their aims and purposes, to be followed by a conference in which, injustice being set aside, mutual concessions and compensations should be made in a spirit of equity and in accord with the dignity of all the nations.

BUT the war dragged on. In the year 1916, in a letter dated March 4, the Holy Father urged all the families of the warring men to practice penance during Lent and to pray fervently to the Queen of Martyrs for the gifts of Christian fortitude and resignation and for the speedy stopping of the agony of the war. Some months later, on June 26, he appointed July 30, 1916, as a general Communion day for the children of all the world, whose intention was to be the restoration of tranquillity. On September 8 he protested against the insinuations which had been made against his impartiality; he proclaimed that he was guided not by self-interest but by a loving concern for the common weal, and that it was his duty to labor not for the cause of any one set of men but for the good of humanity itself. On December 4 he again expressed his desire that civil society might be restored to order and that peace, the day-star of all good, might shine forth on the nations with renewed brilliance.

When the year ended, however, and 1917 was ushered in, war was still the order of the day. The Pope's prayers and pleadings went unheeded. Early in 1917, on January 10, he once more voiced his hope that the world might learn the way to peace. This in a letter to the Hungarian Cardinal Csernoch. That hope found no echo in the hearts of Europe's rulers. The Pope turned again to heaven. On May 5, in the month dedicated to Mary, he bade his children turn to the Blessed Virgin as a powerful advocate, and ordered that the invocation, "Queen

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of Peace, pray for us," hitherto permitted only to individual dioceses, should be added to our Lady's litany throughout the world.

The culmination of his efforts in behalf of peace was his note of August 1, 1917, "To the Leaders of the belligerent Peoples," in which he offered himself as mediator.

(To be concluded)

Tribute to Rome

"All that is loftiest, sturdiest, strongest and most uncompromising; all that is most truly sacred in the artistic development of our people precedes the day of the Reformation. . . . The Catholic ages of our nation represent the time of its vigorous youth. He whose intellect and spirit have not yet been entirely blinded by the poverty and excessive emptiness of our time may divine from the simplest village church that not only faith, but the might and intellect of humanity are lifted there to a height which our age could never have been able to attain of its own power, nor could any other century have reached it unaided, since the days of the separation from the Catholic Church." *Professor Kurt Breysig, Protestant Scientist in the University of Berlin.*

Science of Security

There are three rules which, if followed, will bring happiness.

1. Commune with yourself and not with the world.
2. Do not feed on the passing, ephemeral literature of the day but on the marrow of the giants.
3. Make God your only real and unchanging friend.

Any Catholic who says that he wants his pagan neighbors to believe "that he is just like the rest of us" is on the wrong track. A real Catholic cannot be like his pagan neighbors and remain a real Catholic. The real Catholic must be *detached* from the world—that is, from its extravagant pleasures, its pagan orgies (night clubs, pagan amusements, etc.), its "live and be merry today" philosophy. The Catholic has to live for tomorrow and the ultimate tomorrow, and that will mark him out like a 50-foot palm tree on a plain.

Importance

The son of a prominent Protestant bishop was one day calling on Joseph Choate in Washington to ask for a favor. Choate, being busy, asked him to have a chair for a moment.

The boy was very impatient at the delay, considering his own importance, and he objected to Choate, saying: "But sir, I am the son of Bishop Blank."

"Oh," said Choate in surprise. "Have two chairs, then."

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Canon: Prayer for the Goods of Earth

F. A. BRUNNER

In ancient times the priest interposed at the end of the canon of the Mass a series of special blessings—the products of the field, the oils for the sick, the veil of the consecrated virgin, the many non-consecrated offerings presented by the congregation for distribution to the poor. In some of the older books of the Mass there are found such blessings; on Ascension Thursday the priest blessed the first-fruits; on Whitsunday, milk, honey and water; on August 6, grapes. Even today the bishop on Holy Thursday blesses the holy oils for the sick at this place in the Mass. A remnant of these prayers is traced in the few words uttered by the priest while making the sign of the cross over the sacrificial elements:

Through whom, O Lord, thou dost make all these things to be good and holy and living, and dost bless them and give them to us.

Explanation:

1. The words now left in the canon are but the concluding words of the longer formulas found in the Mass-books of old.

2. The parenthetic place chosen for the blessings was most fitting, for it served to emphasize that deep sense of unity which of old pervaded the liturgy, when the sacrifice of the altar was the center of the worship and all other rites, all other actions took their rise from it as the fountain of overflowing grace.

3. Only by knowing how these blessings were once inserted here and then gradually forgotten can you understand the language and gestures of the priest, for strange indeed are they if they were meant to be applied to the Blessed Sacrament. The crosses now made over the transubstantiated host and chalice were originally made over the non-consecrated gifts placed at the altar.

Practical Point:

Our dead and we ourselves have already been blessed at Mass; now in these words inanimate objects, too, are sanctified by the Eucharist. Therefore our prayer should be that the consecration of the Eucharist will descend upon our goods—upon the coin we offered at the collection, upon the many gifts we offer to charity, upon all our possessions.

ON MAN AND MEN

Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man* was written in verse. This one is in prose, but it strikes a few notes that the poet missed.

E. F. MILLER

MAN can be looked at from four different angles. First, there is man in the sense of the Greek word *anthropos*, which means anybody, male or female, child or adult, who belongs to the human race. One speaks of the family of man; in the very act of so speaking and without further explanation, one excludes categorically stones and lifeless sticks, flowers and budding trees, and pure animals, even dogs and monkeys who are supposed to be intelligent. Neither have angels any part within the boundaries of this concept. One means by man, in the primitive sense of the word, only that, (but all of that), which has reason and will, and is dressed up in a body. It is man in his broadest and most universal meaning.

Man, in the second sense, embraces that individual who is strong in character and determined in the doing of that which is right. While the term is narrower here than it is above, still it has broad implications and overtones of significance that are impressive. To give but one example. If a boy is clear-eyed, straight-forward and obedient, his mother will designate him as a little man. She will even plead with him to be a little man when she tempts him with some particularly obnoxious medicine. The truth of the matter is that the terms boy and little man are exclusive of one another, for in the very nature of things a boy is not a man, and vice versa. A boy is only a man in promise, while a little man is only what once was a boy, but through pathological or other causes never acquired his full size.

However, even though we grant the lengthening of the term to the extent of including little boys in the sweep of its insinuation, and thereby permit it to partake of some of the vastness of *anthropos*, still it is always exclusive of any female, whether old or young, whether masculine or feminine. A mother might be called a mannish woman, and that in all correctness; but no mother whether mannish or not, would dare coax her little daughter into drying the dishes on the score that if she does dry the dishes she will have the distinction of being a

little man. The very appellation would add force to the child's resistance, and thus defeat the purpose of the mother. Besides, the statement would not be true. No little girl is ever accepted as a little man. And therein lies the limitation of man in the second sense.

The third and not so common meaning of the word man is that which is associated with those who work for a living. It does not take in those who work for a living in a factory or an office down-town, even though these individuals may be men. It refers only to such as are in the personal employment of persons who might be likened to English squires of the Victorian days, or American Englishmen of the present day: *homme du chambre*, *concierges*, *valets*. Yes, a gardener or a servant with special privileges could very easily be a man in this sense.

This word is very delicate in its nuances. It may never be used in the plural. If a gentleman were to say, "I have men working for me," the impression given would be that he had a band of drifters in his fields picking strawberries; this, of course, would not be the truth. Neither may it be used with the article, definite or indefinite, for if it is so used, ambiguity is bound to creep in. If our gentleman said, "I have a man working for me," he would give no specified delineation to his man. "A man?" someone would immediately ask. "What kind of a man? Part-time or whole-time?" etc., etc. For clearness' sake it is far better to say, "My man is now putting out my studs and patent-leathers." Or: "I am now paying *my* man six dollars a week." In that way there can be no doubt as to what kind of a man you have.

BUT all the above is merely by way of introduction. For all practical purposes, the word man has only one meaning. A man is the male of the human race, who has reached his twenty-first year and is liable to military service. That is the long and the short of it. If you open your mouth in ordinary society and say, "I know a man . . ." people will not envision a person who wears dresses and allows the hair to bunch up on the head in a knot, or roll around the ears and neck in curls, and who speaks in a high-pitched voice, for that is a woman. Neither will they think of an individual who has to be carried around in arms, who cannot walk or talk or even crawl, for that is a baby. And neither will they think of someone who does indeed wear trousers and a coat, but who is only four feet tall, for that is a boy. Instead they will forthwith have a picture in their imagination of a short-cropped,

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whiskered or unwhiskered (but definitely whiskerable), deep-voiced, rugged being who walks in long strides instead of mincing steps, who is not too careful (always) about his appearance, and who stands anywhere from 5 feet 5 inches to 6 feet 2 inches in height, for that is a man — the male of the species, the he of the human race.

There are various ways of describing man when man is taken in the sense of a man. A careful perusal of text books on ethics, of newspapers, and of commentaries on democracy and totalitarianism warrants the assertion. Some think that man is but a machine, like any other machine in a factory — only more intricate in its mechanism (the materialists); others that he is a good stop-gap for the shells of testy neighbors who do not want to be protected by invading armies (the dictators); others that his mind is composed only of baseballs, footballs, hockey pucks and boxing gloves (the sport pages); and others that he is a wonderful figure in a soldier suit (picture magazines).

But the description of man which is funniest and at greatest odds with the facts is that of those authors who crawl into the dark and musty cave of their imagination and fashion from the stuff of nightmares that they find on the ground such gargantuans as Superman, Dick Tracy and Oliver Warbucks. These latter individuals look like men insofar as they bow to the conventions of custom-made suits and fifty-cent ties. But of course they are not men. Never has there been anybody like them and never will there be anybody like them. They are too brave, too impervious to bullets, gangsters and certain death to deserve the title of man. They are what every man would like to be, indeed, what every man may be in a world which will not be of this world; but it is a verity that they are not what men actually are here and now upon the earth.

Man is a much more prosaic figure (as any wife who has been married more than two years will proclaim) than the authors who make money by means of their imaginations would have the common people believe. It is true enough — a man may have muscles that ripple and flow like rapids in a river; he may be tall and straight like a ramrod, with broad shoulders and a sculptured (figuratively speaking) head; he may be exactly proportioned, without an ounce too much of stomach, nose or neck; he may even have a voice that is sonorous and profound, coming from deep down in the chest and echoing around small rooms like the diapason of an organ. Yet, such a one, all man though he may

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be, is subject to the silliest sorrows and the most womanish woes.

He can fall out of bed in the morning and break an ankle. He can throw one baseball too many and come down with bursitis or rheumatism. He can go outside without a hat on his handsome head, and catch a cold, and thereby acquire a red and running nose and a whole battery of sneezes and sniffles, all of which are within the power of the tiniest child or the weakest woman to secure. He can study all his life and still not master the Quantum Theory. He can be talked to for hours and still not see the necessity of joining the Catholic Church. He can make a hundred resolutions not to smoke during Lent, and still succumb to a cigarette down in the basement when nobody is looking. There is not anything very super or supernal in such imperfections when they are viewed at close range; and so there is not anything very super or supernal about a man.

BUT man is far from Superman and Mr. Tracy not only in the weaknesses that are natural to him as a man, but also in the weaknesses that are acquired, and for which he can claim at least some modicum of responsibility.

Who and where is the man, outside the ranks of the ministers of the Reformed Church, that does not smoke, thereby lowering himself to the level of a chimney on a building or a funnel on a boat? The mouth is a beautiful organ, composed of lips and teeth and tongue. Ideas, immaterial, ethereal and of the substance of the mind, employ the mouth as the instrument of communication. The mouth is the golden gate that opens to the material the transcendent world of the spiritual and the universal. How awful, then, that a man should find no better use for so stupendous a gift than that of a storehouse for the hoarding of smoke, or a bellows for the fanning of a flame into a blaze so that smoke can billow forth more freely! How the tongue must writhe and the teeth chatter! How wives and mothers must groan merely at the sight of such a desecration! You do not find wives and mothers soiling their wondrous mouths in so dastardly a fashion. (Or do you?)

But wives and mothers must groan for another reason than that of desecration. Smoking does besmirch the curtains (so it is said); smoking does leave debris around in trays and on after-dinner dishes; smoking does drop ashes on vests, outer coats and plush rugs. Over

and above that, smoking creates an odor in a room that is challenging to the nostrils of even the most depraved. Imagine, then, what it must do to nostrils that have been carried through the rarified atmosphere of elaborate finishing schools, and sharpened to almost an epicurean point of refinement by the religious use of scented face lotions and expensive perfumes. Can women feel anything but the utmost disgust for the moist and caked pipe, the chewed-up cigar and the omnipresent cigarette? Must she not turn from him who persists in his exploitation of these fetid articles? And yet man carries on, let the consequences be what they will. It is a definite proof of the prosaicness of which we speak.

A MAN, by his very nature it would seem, is a tissue of contradictions. He thinks that it is a sign of weakness to weep, and he would rather be found in a public place without his teeth than to be found any place with tears in his eyes; but when he is in the dark (at a sentimental moving picture), he weeps like anybody else. He considers emotionalism, gushing, and the like, a pastime for women and children; but he patronizes the emotional magazines just as heartily as do his sisters. He makes lots of fun of feminine hats, female slacks and toeless shoes; but he himself wears a hat that keeps his head neither cool in summer nor warm in winter, and which even the court jesters of the Middle Ages would not have looked at twice, and he buys such ties and socks as cry aloud in the painful clashing of their colors. He refuses to sing when his mother asks him to sing on the score that his voice is gone, that he is too old, that he cannot; but when he is with his friends in a tavern, he not only sings half the night, but he sings baritone, tenor or anything else that will fit the melody and keep it in its torture. He acts as strong as an ox and as brave as a knight; but let him cut his finger, and he doctors for a week; let him cough twice, and he has T.B.

But, oh, the sadness of these further contradictions! He powders, curls, manicures (by means of a third party), and massages, although these indulgences (according to his oft-repeated testimony) are of the domain of the weaker sex. He slyly admires himself in department store, warehouse and grocery store windows (as he walks down the street), and in casual mirrors (when he comes into a room), although he looks pained when he beholds a young lady repairing her face on a

street car. He is full of hard words and gestured toughness when talking with his friends, although he is kindness itself when it comes to the helping of the oppressed. The strange part of it all is, he does not realize the fact of his contradictions even in embryo. He thinks that he is constant, unchanging, firm and single-minded.

AND YET, in spite of it all, girls will leave pleasant homes, kind parents and lots of spending money in order, first to promise to love and obey, and then to live with until death one of these very men. She knows that she cannot live with him without at the same time living with his faults. Still she goes ahead. There must be something to a man that does not appear on the surface, and which is not apparent immediately to other men. There is something to a man which does not always appear on the surface. He has been destined by heaven to be the head of the home — one of the highest positions that anyone can hold. And it is his privilege to support by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow the finest flower that grows on earth — the womanhood of the world. It is only himself, man, who can have placed upon his head the hands of the Apostles in sacred Ordination, and only himself in consequence who can bring the King of Kings down upon the altars. It is only a man who can fittingly adorn himself in his country's uniform, and go forth to repel the aggressor from his shore — and if need be, give up his life in the very midst of his courage.

Yes, a man has something that does not always appear on the surface. He has a vast capacity for fortitude, for charity, for self-forgetfulness. He has a vast capacity for sanctity; for Christ was a man, and he filled the souls of all men with a power to become like Himself. Out of some sixty names in the Litany of the Saints, over forty of them are the names of men. We thrill at the mention of the mighty men of the past; and we thrill at the mention of the heroes of the present. Battlefields, courts, governments have been, are, and will be, pray God, filled with them down to the end.

AND SO, it may be that the good qualities of man far surpass the bad. We leave the judgment to our readers.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

The second in a series of explanations of the reasonable foundations of the true church. These are the truths that make Catholics.

C. DUHART

SOME call him a liar; others claim he was touched with a strain of insanity; others say he was an imposter. And yet all agree in calling him the greatest man who ever lived. On the face of it, the statement is impossible, and yet there are millions of men and women in the world today who act in support of that contention.

Anyone who maintains that Jesus Christ is the greatest man who ever lived, but denies that He is also God, cries to the heavens that Christ is not only the world's greatest man but also the world's most consummate liar, for Christ lived and taught and worked miracles and rose from the dead to prove that He was God. Anyone who places the teacher of Nazareth on a pedestal as a model for imitation, but fails to see in Him the messenger sent by God to teach men how to worship God, accuse Him of being afflicted with illusions of greatness, for that teacher from Nazareth firmly maintained that He was the Way, the Truth and the Light. Anyone who proclaims that Christ climbed the peak of true human greatness and still links up Buddha, Confucius, Brahma, Luther and Christ in a strange medley of names, solemnly affirms that Christ is an imposter, for Christ never spoke of many ways but of one way; Christ never said there were many lights but one light; Christ never said there were many truths, but one truth; and Christ never said that men might believe in Buddha or Confucius or Brahma or Luther or any of a thousand others, but He did insist that men must believe in Him.

There can be no lukewarmness in a man's belief about Christ; there can be no straddling the fence in his regard. If a man wishes to call Christ a great man, he must also admit that Christ is everything He says He is. To do anything else is to dethrone from His pedestal Him Whom men generally confess to be the outstanding exponent of all human virtues.

Besides setting Himself up as the supreme model for mankind.

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Christ had other purposes in coming upon earth. He had to set the whole human race right on the business of life. Man had plunged that business hopelessly into the "red"; as a consequence, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity had taken on a human nature to set that business back on its feet again, to balance the ledger in that marvelous act of love and mercy which we call the Redemption. But besides being the model *par excellence* and the redeemer perfect, Christ also came as the messenger of God.

Men needed a "Messiah"; needed a messenger sent by God to teach them how to worship Him; needed a messenger to instruct a badly wandering humanity in the elements of true religion.

THE existence of religion, as we have said, rests upon the two most easily proved propositions in the world: the existence of God and the existence of man. In that relationship between God and man, which is religion, God is the superior, man the inferior; God is the master, man the subject; because God is the creator and man is the creature.

As a direct consequence of this, it by no means devolves upon man to decide the elements of this religion, but entirely upon God Who in His power established this bond by stooping down to earth to fashion clay into living human beings.

On this basis, it can easily be seen that all doctrines of indifferentism in religion are absolutely unsound and absurd. Men prate about "it matters not what you believe as long as you do what is right;" or, "it matters not what you do as long as you believe;" or, "it is up to each man to decide for himself how he wishes to worship God, or even to refuse to worship Him at all." It was to put the quietus for all time on such exhibitions of man's pride that Christ came on earth to say that He was the Way, the Truth and the Life, to prove Himself so intolerant as to say that He was the one true shepherd and that there should be but one fold and one shepherd.

Before the advent of Christ, for all men, and after the coming of Christ, for those who have not yet found the truth and for those who have the truth but live as though they had it not, the most important problem of life is to answer the question: "How does God, my superior and my creator, wish to be worshipped by me?" All other of the so-

called problems of life are insignificant or, at least, subordinated to this first tremendously important question.

Obviously, such questions as "How do I want to worship God?", "What acts of worship of God will not interfere with my business success, with my social position, with my ease and comfort?", "What religious allegiance will give me an honored place in my community?"—obviously, such questions are barren of either sense or importance. For it is entirely up to God to determine in what way He wishes to be worshipped. And it is up to man to strain his eyes and bend his ears and to exert his every energy to discover whether God has ever spoken to him, has ever told him how He wishes man to worship Him, has ever revealed His desires in this matter to His creatures.

Has God ever spoken to man on this subject?

SOME two thousand years ago, there lived on earth a Man Who claimed to be the messenger of Almighty God, who claimed to have the power and the commission to tell mankind in what true religion consists. Other men had arisen before Him, and others would arise after Him to make the same claims. But all of these had been and would be proved imposters by the testimony of their teaching or the evidence of their lives, or their absolute failure to bring credentials signed by Him Who they claimed had sent them.

But the Man Who came on earth two thousand years ago and Who offered gilt-edged credentials for all the world to see, was cast in an entirely different mold. His first name "Jesus" proclaimed Him a Savior; His second name "Christ" announced that He was the "anointed one" of God. He claimed to be the Messiah sent by God to set the world straight again, and even maintained that He Himself was God, the Son of the Father.

Stupendous claims for anyone to make, and claims which surely would have merited for Him the title of the world's greatest liar or the world's supreme lunatic, if He had not backed up each claim with evidence which was, if possible, even more amazing than His claims.

God has bound Himself by His own goodness to see to it that right-minded men, seeking light as to His wishes concerning their service of Him, should not be deceived. If a messenger was to be sent by Him, that messenger must come laden with credentials signed by God Himself, credentials which could be counterfeited by no one, credentials

which would cry to all the world "This is the messenger of God Himself. Everything He says is what God Himself wishes to tell the human race." And when Jesus Christ offered for all the world to see credentials which marked Him without fear of error as the "Man of God," man's search for the revelation of Almighty God had reached a successful conclusion. And when Christ taught that this new revelation, unlike the old one given to Moses and the Jews, was to have no successor; that this new revelation was to place the perfect crown on its imperfect predecessor, all new religious thought which would deviate from this Christian revelation was divinely pre-condemned.

God in His goodness bound Himself to mark the revelation of Christ with signs which were so distinctive of God's approval that they could not be imitated.

THE life of Christ, as told by the Evangelists, the world's most critical historians, is shot through with His own miracles and prophecies. No one but God is able to perform a true miracle or pronounce a true prophecy through His own power, for only God can perform deeds above the power of all created nature, and only God can foretell with absolute certainty future events which are above all created knowledge. Christ then by His miracles and by His prophecies proved at least that He was supported by Almighty God. But since He worked His miracles and pronounced His prophecies by His power and His own authority, He gave evidence convincing that He Himself was God.

Crowning the work of His life was His tremendous resurrection from the dead, His greatest miracle and His greatest prophecy. He had foretold to the Jews how useless it would be to kill Him, for He would rise again the third day. And no fact in all of history is so well proved as the fact of Christ's resurrection. In a sermon delivered not long ago on Easter Sunday, a Protestant minister violently scored his brethren in the Protestant ministry who, in the face of Christ's historically established resurrection from the dead, failed to believe in His Divinity.

When added to all this, we have Christ's own testimony that He was God's mouthpiece, the instrument of a new revelation, and God Himself, all honest seekers after truth in religious matters know that they have found what they were seeking.

Either Christ is a liar, a lunatic, or a deceiver, or He is everything He says He is. His virtuous life, His heavenly wisdom, His accepted

place in history, all prove that He was not a liar, nor a lunatic, nor an imposter. He is, then, everything He says He is. And men have discovered from Him how God wants to be worshipped.

We may have all the sympathy in the world for Buddhists and Shintoists and Confucianists and all the other religionists who know not Christ. We may feel well-disposed towards many who have no religious beliefs. But in the name of reason and of common sense, we must maintain that they are all in the wrong. For men are bound to worship God as God wishes to be worshipped. God can save those who through no fault of their own are separated from the truth, but that does not change the fact that that truth is the one truth which men are bound to prize.

Since the advent of Christ, God's will is that He be worshipped not in any Christian faith, but in the Christian Church which Christ established. Which of all the Christian creeds that profess to be this Church is really so, we shall consider in our next article.

IT IS so hard for men to understand that the practice of religion is not a matter of their own choice, but of God's will. Consider an imaginary case in which the United States has made a trade pact with Brazil whereby in return for foodstuffs, the United States will export to Brazil manufactured articles. The United States imports the foodstuffs from Brazil, but then instead of exporting automobiles and other manufactured goods, she decides to send Brazil meat and wheat. Every thinking man will admit that the United States was not free to do as she wished, but was compelled to abide by the trade agreement.

By the fact of creation, a man is established in a definite relationship to Almighty God, a relationship in which he is the inferior; a pact in which he is bound to offer God the service of his body, his mind, his will. He is not free to offer God any service or no service as he wishes. He is bound to worship God as God wishes. Since the coming of Christ, God wishes to be worshipped in the Christian Church, established by Christ.

By what authority can God dictate these terms? By what compulsion must man obey? God rules by the authority of a Creator, and man must obey in his capacity of a creature.

Side Glances

by The Bystander

The boy was about seven years old. I had left the train at a stop-over to make a telephone call, and when I returned he was settled in the vacant seat beside mine, clutching a so-called comic book in his hands. His mother sat across the aisle, her hands full trying to keep a smaller child from taking dare-devil leaps off the back of a seat to which he could climb with amazing dexterity. The boy who fell to my lot took me for granted as an old acquaintance. Without other introduction he said:

"Can you read?"

I admitted to mediocre competence in that particular liberal art.

"I can't," he said, without a trace of chagrin. Then he added: "Will you read my funny book to me? All I can do is look at the pictures."

"All right," I said, putting my newspaper aside with a wistful glance at the headline: "Russians pushed back fifty miles, Stalingrad threatened." The lad snuggled up to my side and thrust the book into my hands. It fell open at "The Lone Ranger."

"Read that," he said imperiously. Then he proceeded to identify the cast of characters for me, pointing out each with comment. "That's 'The Lone Ranger.' He's got two guns, and he can shoot with both hands—bing, bing. There's Tonto—he's got only one gun. He always goes with the Lone Ranger. There's Silver—that's the Lone Ranger's horse. Read it."



I plunged into the dialogue, and found that we were in the midst of a hair-raising story of Indians attacking a frontier stockade, of traitorous whites selling cannon to the Indians, of loyal pioneers determining to defend the fort until death, and of the Lone Ranger planning a daring defeat of the redskins and rescue for the garrison. The Ranger had bent a sturdy young sapling to the ground and had tied a huge boulder to the end of it. Evidently he was about to release the sapling and let the boulder land among the Indians, destroying hundreds of them, cannon and all. But the stone remained unfired. The story was to be continued in the next volume. I said:

"That's all."

"Gee," said my seven-year-old. "How will he make the stone go straight?"

I had every confidence in the creator of the strip. "He'll just aim it well, and it'll go straight, you wait and see."

"But where are the Indians while he's doing all that?"

I had an answer for that too. "They are so busy firing their cannon at the stockade that they don't notice him."

"And if they did notice him, I bet he'd pull out his guns and shoot them dead—bing, bing."

"I suppose he would."

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He took the book from my hands and paged through it. He passed up the strips about children, about home life, about dogs and other animals, and pounced on the wild adventures of Flash Gordon.

"Read that," he commanded.

I read. It seems that Flash and his sweetheart, Dale, had just ended a series of adventures on some distant planet, and having learned by radio of the war going on among men of the earth, had decided to return and take a hand in order that justice might prevail. They entered their rocket ship and zoomed earth-wards. Close to their destination the rocket mechanism went awry and only by a deft application of reverse rockets was Flash able to avoid a crash and to drop the plane into the open sea. Shortly thereafter Flash and Dale were picked up by an American warship and held as suspected spies. There the pictures left us.



A barrage of questions was now fired at me.

"What is a rocket ship? What is space? What is a ray-gun? How did Flash work the reverse rockets? Why did the Americans think them spies? Why didn't Flash use his ray-gun on them? How far can a ray-gun shoot? Can it shoot through anything?"

I tried to establish the fact that all these wonderful inventions belonged to a world as yet unknown; that there were not really any rocket-ships or ray-guns or journeys to and from other planets. For instance:

"There isn't really any ray-gun. That hasn't been invented yet."

"What is a ray-gun?"

"It is a gun that is supposed to shoot electricity at you. You cannot see it coming but it kills you just the same. But, as I said before, a ray-gun hasn't been invented yet."

"How far can a ray-gun shoot?"

"That depends," I said, casting off all hope of sidestepping the issue. I plunged boldly. "A big one can shoot several miles; a little one can shoot about from here to the engineer of the train."

"Can it shoot through iron?"

"Yes."

"Through glass?"

"I think so."

"What can't it shoot through?"

"I don't know—unless maybe rubber."

"Then if I had a rubber gas-mask on, nobody could shoot me with a ray-gun?"

"Listen," I said, "with or without a gas-mask on, they won't shoot you with a ray-gun. There aren't any ray-guns. There have never been any ray-guns. And maybe there never will be any."

The child cast an almost frightened look upon me. Then he evidently shelved the subject, for he took the book in his hands and said:

"Let's read something else."

Catholic Anecdotes

OBEDIENCE

DURING the Third Crusade King Richard the Lion Hearted was on one occasion entrusted with the leadership of the army's rearguard. The courageous and fiery Richard, eager for battle, did not long remain in the rear, but appeared unexpectedly with the main army. Approaching the King of France, who led the troops, he asked:

"Shall the victory be ours today?"

But the King remained silent. In his place the court preacher, the Abbot Dominic, gave answer:

"Victory will not be ours!"

"Why not?" asked Richard, in dismay.

"Because disobedience is rife in the army!" was the reply.

"In that case," said Richard, "the King of France, as commander in chief, has the right to punish disobedience severely."

"Then he would have to begin with you, your majesty!" said Abbot Dominic.

King Richard was silent for a moment, then he turned his horse about and galloped to the rear.

That day the Crusaders won the great battle of Aka.

FOOTPRINTS OF GOD

THE STORY is told of a French scientist who was conducting explorations in the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon that one evening he was sitting with a young Arab guide outside his tent discussing religion. The scientist considered himself an agnostic, and he said to his companion:

"Well, nobody knows, nobody can know for certain that there is a God."

The Arab lad pointed to a smooth stretch of sand across which they could see the track of footprints.

"When I see those footprints in the sand," he said, "I know

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for certain that some man has passed this way. Only a man could have made them."

Then he pointed to the sun, setting in magnificent splendor in the west, and the blue sky overhead.

"And when I see the sun, and the moon, and the stars in the heavens in all their beauty and grandeur, I know for certain that the Creator has passed this way. They are the footprints of Allah."

FIRST LESSON

THE Prince of Conde was one day visiting the seminary of St. Sulpice, and while there, attended a religious service in the chapel. Kneeling close to him was a seminarist, and the Prince whispered to him:

"My dear sir, will you tell me what you are taught in the seminary?" The seminarist did not reply, and the prince, thinking he had not been understood, repeated his question and insisted on an answer.

"Sir," the seminarist finally said, "We are taught in the seminary to keep silence in church."

The Prince was silent for a moment; then he said: "Thank you for the reproof; I shall try to profit by it."

THE ARGUMENT OF SAFETY

LITTLE Jimmy's mother tucked him into bed, much against his will, and told him to be a good boy and go to sleep.

"But Mama," said the little boy, "I'm afraid!"

"Now, Jimmy," said his mother, "you shouldn't be afraid. Don't you know that God and the angels are in the room, watching over you and keeping you safe?"

This seemed to satisfy him, but hardly had his mother left the room when he called her back.

"I'll tell you what, Mama," he said, "you come in here with God and the angels, and let me go out there with Daddy."

Pointed Paragraphs

42 - 1942

The year 1942 marks the one thousandth anniversary of St. Peter's coming to Rome. He had been made the head of the Church by Christ while Christ was still upon the earth. For a time he lived in Antioch. Then, in 42 A.D. he went to Rome, and established there the residence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It has been the residence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ ever since, with the exception of a few years when the Popes under moral or physical duress were forced by the French kings to live in Avignon.

This anniversary is truly remarkable. Earthly potentates consider themselves honored if they can trace back their dynasty a few hundred years, not to say anything of the Capital of their dynasty. Here is a king who can trace back not only his dynasty a thousand years, but even the very place where each member of the dynasty reigned. Monuments in marble, in gold — in fact, in almost every kind of material — fill Rome, and point out the deeds and works accomplished by the Pontiffs while they occupied the chair of Peter in the Holy City.

In the course of years Rome has had many men descend upon her. There was Attila, the scourge of God, who appeared before her with an army, and was prevented from sacking the city only through the prayers and pleadings of a Pope. There was Napoleon who years later actually did enter the city and bivouacked his soldiers in the midst of sacred places. There were princes and princelings, tyrants and dictators, saints and sinners who came to Rome and did their evil or their good.

But of all these no one has done such good or worked such wonders as those who came to Rome in 42 and are still there in 1942. For 19 hundred years the city on the Tiber has been the city of God; for it was in Rome that God spoke in the infallible decisions of His Vicars.

If Rome is great today, it is not due to the ancient Romans. Their buildings are crumbling into ruins; their glory is almost all forgotten; their memory is mouldering in the dust of a long-dead past.

Neither is it due to a Mussolini. His improvements like those of any modern city will hardly outlive the generation in which they are created.

The glory of Rome is the glory of the Popes. And that glory is due entirely to the nineteen-hundred year tenure that the Popes have had in Christendom's central city.

This year, then, should indeed be a year of great rejoicing, and that in spite of the war. In the everlastingness of Rome we have a symbol of the everlastingness of Heaven.

Mary's Assumption

On August 15 all Catholics who have reached the use of reason are bound to hear holy Mass under pain of serious sin, unless they are legitimately excused.

The reason for this stringent law is the great feast that is celebrated on that day—the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven. The Church has no greater means of honoring God than the Mass. Therefore when she commands that Mass be said and heard on a certain day, that day indeed must be famous in the annals of the world.

To the secular mind the miracle of Mary's Assumption seems an utter impossibility. Of course, the secular mind cannot understand the possibility of any miracle. God will not tamper with the law of nature, it is said, any more than the head of a state will tamper with the law of the land. The comparison does not hold, for earthly presidents and rulers have no power of themselves alone.

But we are not concerned here with the twists and turns of the secular mind. We know without shadow of doubt that the miracle of the Assumption *did* take place, that God *did* prevent Mary's body from knowing the corruption of the grave; and not only that, but also that God took Mary's body and raised it miraculously to heaven. All evidence points to the fact; and all tradition maintains the fact. It was not until the 16th century that man began to make a dogma of denying it.

It is fitting that Mary should be taken, body and soul, into heaven. Her soul had been preserved from original sin at the very moment of conception. Why then should not her body have been preserved in like manner? Where is the difficulty in believing that

that body which had held the Almighty God Himself was taken into heaven by the power of God?

We Catholics shall rejoice on August 15th that our sister and our mother has been so highly honored.

More about Defense

It is easily understandable that people in times of prosperity should give only second thoughts to God. Money and all the nice things that money can buy have the same effect as a fever in a person with tuberculosis. They give a false picture of health and well-being. They make supernatural medicine appear superfluous and unnecessary. Empty churches are but the natural result (amongst the thin and shallow-minded) of too much of the world.

But it is not understandable that people in times of war should give only second thoughts to God. The props of their self-sufficiency have been knocked from under them; their sons, their brothers, their husbands and fathers are being called upon to die, and no human means can save them; sorrow and separation can find no earthly medicine to cure their pain. Then, above all other times, people should recognize their dependence on God, and cry out to Him in constant prayer for succor and protection.

And yet, this the people of today, the people enduring the agony of the present war, are not doing. The second World War is now in its eighth month. *And the churches are still almost as empty at morning Mass as they were before December 7, 1941.* As long as this condition prevails, mothers and fathers have no right to weep when sad and soul-searing news reaches them from the Front where their boys are fighting.

There are many learned and holy men who maintain that the world-wide conflict is no more than a scourge of God. Just as He permitted the deluge of water years ago to engulf the earth because men loved themselves more than they loved their Creator, so He is permitting the deluge of blood today to engulf homes and hearts because men have lost the meaning of sacrifice and penance and prayer.

Therefore, the only path to a just and lasting peace is the path that leads to God — the path of prayer.

A Word about Priests

The Redemptorists of the United States now have over seventy chaplains in the service of their country. By September it is expected that that number shall rise to and even exceed one hundred. The other religious Orders and the dioceses throughout the land are also making great sacrifices that the boys in the army, navy and marines may be amply provided for in their spiritual needs.

These figures may mean very little to those not conversant with the life and labors of the priest. It may have been the impression of such individuals that priests have little enough to do at any time. So why shouldn't they go to work now that the opportunity is given them?

Only the far-removed, the last-Mass-on-Sunday, the back-pew Catholic can harbor thoughts like the above. Of all the workers of the world there are few who put in more hours, and are on call longer hours than the priest — and, incidentally, at smaller salary. The trouble is, there are not enough priests to go around.

And now that chaplains are being appointed, literally right and left, the men at home are called upon to do double and triple duty. In every diocese some men have left for the service. And in some dioceses the men remaining at home are now called on to say three Masses every Sunday. They are expected to take care of tremendous parishes, to make sick calls, to preside at meetings, to marry the young and to bury the dead. They hardly have time to say their breviary.

The priests who are in the service are heroes all, just as are the young men to whom they are ministering. The very fact that there are so many priests wearing the uniform of their country is a sign that the Church never lags behind when it is a question of practicing the virtue of patriotism.

But men who are heroes just as great, are the men who are holding firm the line of defense back home. There is little glamor to their work. There is no uniform to attract the admiration of the passerby. There is only work. When we win this war, as much credit will belong to the home priest as will belong to the one who followed the colors to the Front.

LIGURIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

The Education of Children

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit.

The Gospel tells us that a good plant cannot produce bad fruit, and that a bad one cannot produce

good fruit. Learn from this, that a good father brings up good children.

But, if parents be wicked, how can the children be virtuous? Have you ever, says the Redeemer, seen grapes gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles? *Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?* Fathers and mothers, be attentive to this sermon, which is of great importance to the eternal salvation of yourselves and of your children. Be attentive, young men and women, who have not as yet chosen a state of life. If you wish to marry, learn this day the obligations which you contract with regard to the education of your children; and learn also, that, if you do not fulfil them, you shall bring yourselves and your children to damnation.

A father owes two obligations to his children: he is bound to provide for their corporal wants and to educate them in the habits of virtue.

It is not necessary to say more on the first obligation, than that there are some fathers more cruel than the most ferocious of wild beasts; for these do not forget to

nourish their offspring, but certain parents squander away in eating and drinking and gaming, all their property, or all the fruits of their industry, and allow their children to die of hunger.

Let us come to the education, which is the subject of my discourse. It is certain that a child's future ill or good conduct depends on his being brought up well or ill. Nature itself teaches every parent to attend to the education of his offspring. He who has given them being, ought to make life useful to them. God gives children to parents, not that they may assist the family, but that they may be brought up in the fear of God, and be directed in the way of eternal salvation. Children have not been given to parents as a present, which they may dispose of as they please; but as a trust, for which, if lost through their negligence, they must render an account to God. The good or ill conduct of a parent may be known, by those who have not witnessed it, from the life which his children lead. *A father, says Ecclesiasticus, who leaves a family, when he departs this life, is as if he had not died; because his sons remain, and exhibit his habits and character.* When we find a son addicted to blasphemies, to obscenities, and to theft, we have reason to suspect that such too was the character of the father. *For a man is known by his children.*

Hence Origen says, that on the day of judgment parents shall have to render an account of all the sins of their children. Hence he who teaches his son to live well, shall die a happy and tranquil death. And he shall save his soul by means of his children: that is, by the virtuous education which he has given them. But, on the other hand, a very uneasy and unhappy death shall be the lot of those who have labored only to increase the possessions or to multiply the honors of their family; but have not watched over the morals of their children. Were fathers or mothers to lead a life of piety and continual prayer, and to communicate every day, they should be damned if they neglected the care of their children. Would to God that certain persons paid as much attention to their children as they do to their horses! How careful are they to see that their horses are fed and well trained! And they take no pains to make their children attend at catechism, hear Mass, or go to confession.

St. Paul teaches sufficiently, in a few words, in what the proper education of children consists. He says that it consists in discipline and correction. *And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger; and bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord.*

Discipline, which is the same as the religious regulation of the morals of children, implies an obligation of educating them in the habits of virtue by word and ex-

ample. . . . In the first place, a parent ought to instruct his children in the truths of faith, and particularly in the four principal mysteries. . . . Religious parents not only instruct their children in these things which are most important, but they also teach them the acts which ought to be made every morning after rising. . . . They teach them to make every evening an examination of conscience and an act of contrition. Endeavor to train the children from their infancy to those religious habits, and when they grow up they shall persevere in them. Be careful to make them go to confession and to Communion, when they have come to the proper age.

Another obligation of parents is to correct the faults of the family. There are fathers and mothers who witness faults in the family and remain silent. *Bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord.*

He that spareth the rod hateth his son. If you love your sons correct them, and, while they are growing up chastise them, even with the rod, as often as it may be necessary. You must correct them like a father, and not like a galley sergeant. You must be careful not to beat them when you are in a passion; for you shall then be in danger of beating them with too much severity and the correction will be without fruit. I have also said that you should correct them when they are growing up; for, when they arrive at manhood, your correction will be of little use.

New Books and Old

According to the caption of this column, old books as well as new are entitled to consideration. Readers may perhaps object that even the new books are not so very new, inasmuch as some

months are liable to elapse before they obtain mention in these pages. We make

No apology needed

among the new publications, a service which would have to be prompt to be of any use. Our purpose is rather to offer positive suggestions, chiefly from books with a Catholic tone, whether they be written by Catholics or not. Most of the books we discuss are new, or almost new, but we do not hesitate at times to speak of books from the past, books which have added the strength of years to their other virtues.

This Burning Heat by Maisie Ward (Sheed & Ward, pp. 160, \$1.50), published about a year ago, is one of the best books we have seen on the human side of the war. It is not a military treatise, nor does it touch on political motives and plans;

The Test of War

far more interesting human element of the struggle, particularly as this element reacts towards religion in a time of such stress. The title of the book is taken from a text in the first letter of St. Peter—"Think not strange this burning heat, which is to try you, as if some new thing happened to you." The hardships and horrors of war are permitted by God in order that men's souls may be tried and tested like iron in the forge, and Mrs. Sheed piles up illustrations and examples of the fact that the men and women of Britain are responding nobly to God's purpose in permitting the trial. The book is made up mostly of letters and snatches of letters from people in England during the worst part of the air blitz in 1939 and 1940. It is a unique book, because, while there have been a great number

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

of books written on the wonderful courage of the British people during those dreadful months, very little has been written about the religious aspects of that courage. The present volume treats the sub-

ject from precisely that angle. The letters from which it quotes were written by various types of people, but a good part of them describes the experiences of the *Catholic Workers* and the *Ladies of the Grail* in London. Both of these groups were very active during the months of almost constant bombing, and their combined accounts and descriptions afford some of the most absorbing reading that could be desired. There is tragedy here, but always mixed with comedy in the usual human proportions. One catches a glimpse of the Mother Superior of a convent on a fire engine with a tin helmet on her head directing the firemen to the scene of a blaze. One reads of a three-year-old child clapping his hands during a tremendous air raid and crying delightedly: "More noise, more planes, more bombs!" And along with such things as these is the constant tragedy of families being broken up by sudden death from the skies—tragedy which drives the survivors not to futile rebellion but to prayer. There are churches, we read, where at every hour of the day and night a group will be found saying the rosary with outstretched arms. Conversions to the Church are increasing, and it seems not improbable that Britain's "burning heat" will result in a new and genuine religious fervor sweeping over the country. It may well be that we in the United States will have to pass through our own burning heat before this war is over, and this book will serve as a manual on how to face catastrophe with calm courage and unwavering faith in the providence of God.

For light summer reading that is both highly entertaining and exceedingly well written we recommend the mystery novels of Dorothy Sayers. Several of these have

Advertising For Murder

been published in the Pocket Book Series at 25 cents, and if there are any better detective stories being written in our day, we have yet to see them. *Murder Must Advertise* combines an unusual case of mayhem with a brilliant satire on the advertising business as such. We understand that Dorothy Sayers worked for a time at this business after her graduation at Oxford with high honors, and she possesses a remarkable knowledge of her subject, as well as the ability to hit it from all sides with the shafts of ridicule. *Clouds of Witness* is an early episode in the career of the lazy, but attractive Lord Peter Wimsey, whose capable sleuthing runs through all the dark crimes perpetrated by Miss Sayers' imagination. In this book the interest is heightened by the fact that Lord Peter's own noble family is involved, with considerable friction of personalities. There are always a substance and depth in Dorothy Sayers' stories which in our opinion puts them in a far higher class than the ordinary run of detective novels, not excepting those of the much talked of Erle Stanley Gardner, whom we think to be extremely overrated. *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club* is still another of Dorothy Sayers' stories in the Pocket Book Series, and they are all well worth the attention of the reader who likes excellence along with his excitement.

The pamphlet apostolate is growing apace, and by every indication is accomplishing a world of good. In the modern devotion to speed, many people feel that they have little time for books, but they can always spare a few moments for a lively and well written pamphlet. During vacation-time pamphlets are especially handy, since they can be carried easily and read without too much concentration. *The Gifts of God* by Elizabeth Sharp (Catechetical Guild, pp. 80, 50 cents) contains a series of attractive spiritual essays on our motives for gratitude to God. It is all too easy for us to take God's gifts for granted, and for this reason we should meditate from time to time on the wonderful benefactions, temporal and spiritual, with which God has endowed us and which He continues to give us every day of our lives. Miss Sharp's little book offers a basis for just such meditations in a manner both popular and at the same

time deeply religious. We have before us a series of pamphlets by Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm., in which he seeks to summarize in popular and handy form the Catholic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. *Half Way to Happiness* discusses the important subject of where and in what our true happiness lies, and how sin is the one great enemy of the joy and peace intended for us by our Creator. *The Friends and Enemies of Happiness* treats in detail the chief vices opposed to Christian joy, vices which we recognize as the seven capital sins. Opposed to them are seven specific virtues which are the foundation of true happiness. *More Friends of Happiness* treats of what Father Dolan calls the soldierly virtues, fortitude, patience and perseverance, without which no Christian can fight bravely in the struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil. The series is not yet finished, and we recommend these pamphlets (published by the Carmelite Press, Chicago, Ill., at 10 cents each) to all Catholics for a better understanding of what their religion should mean to them. *Examen for Laymen* (Liguorian, 10 cents) by D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R., should be of great help along these same lines. It is a reprint and revision of a popular series of articles which ran in THE LIGUORIAN, and offers a series of questions and suggestions for examining one's conscience on the most important virtues. We recommend it especially to retreatants and those in charge of retreat houses.

Public Prayer Front Devotion by Bishop Schlarman of Peoria (Herder, pp. 44, 15 cents) contains a number of prayers suitable for recitation in church and at home by the family. Bishop Schlarman is certainly right in insisting on the necessity of continued public prayer in order to strengthen ourselves against trials and obtain from God a just peace in the world. This pamphlet also contains the famous allocution of Pope Pius XII, delivered on Christmas Eve, 1941, in which he lays down the five essentials for a just and lasting peace. *The Martyrdom of Slovenia* by John LaFarge, S.J., tells the pitiful story of persecution in that Catholic country. Published by the American Slovene Parish Relief, 62 St. Mark's Place, New York at 5 cents, this booklet deserves wide circulation in order to attract charitable contributions to this worthy cause.

— L. G. M.

Lucid Intervals

"Did you ever hear an after-dinner speech that was really worth while?"

"Only once. Last night I dined with an old acquaintance and he said: 'Waiter, bring me the check.'"

*

A West Side politician got his first dinner coat, recently, in time for a dressy function to which he was invited. He had a little trouble tying his tie, so he dropped in at the corner saloon and asked the bar-keep which of the customers was good at tying a bow tie.

"That fellow at the end of the bar there," said the bar-keep with a laconic gesture.

The politician approached the somber-looking gentleman designated.

"Would you mind tying this for me?" he asked, pulling his tie out of his pocket and slipping it under his collar.

"Sure," said the man, "but not that way. You'll have to lie down."

An explanatory comment came from another bar patron.

"You see, he's an undertaker," he said.

*

"Can you stand on your head?"

"Nope. It's too high."

*

Mother: "Now, Joan, why didn't you give your little brother a part of your apple?"

Joan: "Not me! That was what Eve did to Adam—and she's been criticized ever since!"

*

A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle:

"What do they say of Mr. ———?" (his predecessor).

"Oh," said the beadle, "they say he's not sound."

"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself).

"Oh, they say he's all sound!"

*

She (to Cousin John, who has just returned from the tropics): "O John, dear, how kind of you to bring me this dear little monkey! How thoughtful you are! But—but it is just like you!"

A hillbilly was visiting a Nebraska farmer. The farmer said, "Doggone it all, Bill, I sure have the toughest luck. A week ago I had a carload of prime hogs ready for market, and they got cholera and died. It's the craziest ailment ever."

"You is all wrong there," retorted the mountaineer. "Down where I come from it's wuss. The mud balls up on the pigs' tails so bad that it pulls their eyelids back so they can't wink, and they die from lack of sleep."

*

Big-Game Hunter: "Once while I was having a meal in the jungle a lion came so close to me that I could feel his breath on the back of my neck. What did I do?"

Bored Listener: "Turned your collar up?"

*

A sailor went dashing down the float to a boat just as it was pulling out. The boat had moved off three or four yards, and he jumped and fell, hitting awkward with the back of his head. For several minutes he lay stunned. When he came to, the boat was several hundred yards from the shore. He looked back, blinked a time or two, and shouted:

"Boy! Oh, boy; can I jump?"

*

A clergyman was preaching on the subject of future punishment. "Yes, my brethren," said he, "there is a hell; but —" (drawing out his watch and looking at it) "we shall not go into that just now."

*

A visitor from Aberdeen lost a shilling in London. He immediately notified the police. A little later he came up a street all torn up preparatory to the laying of new water mains.

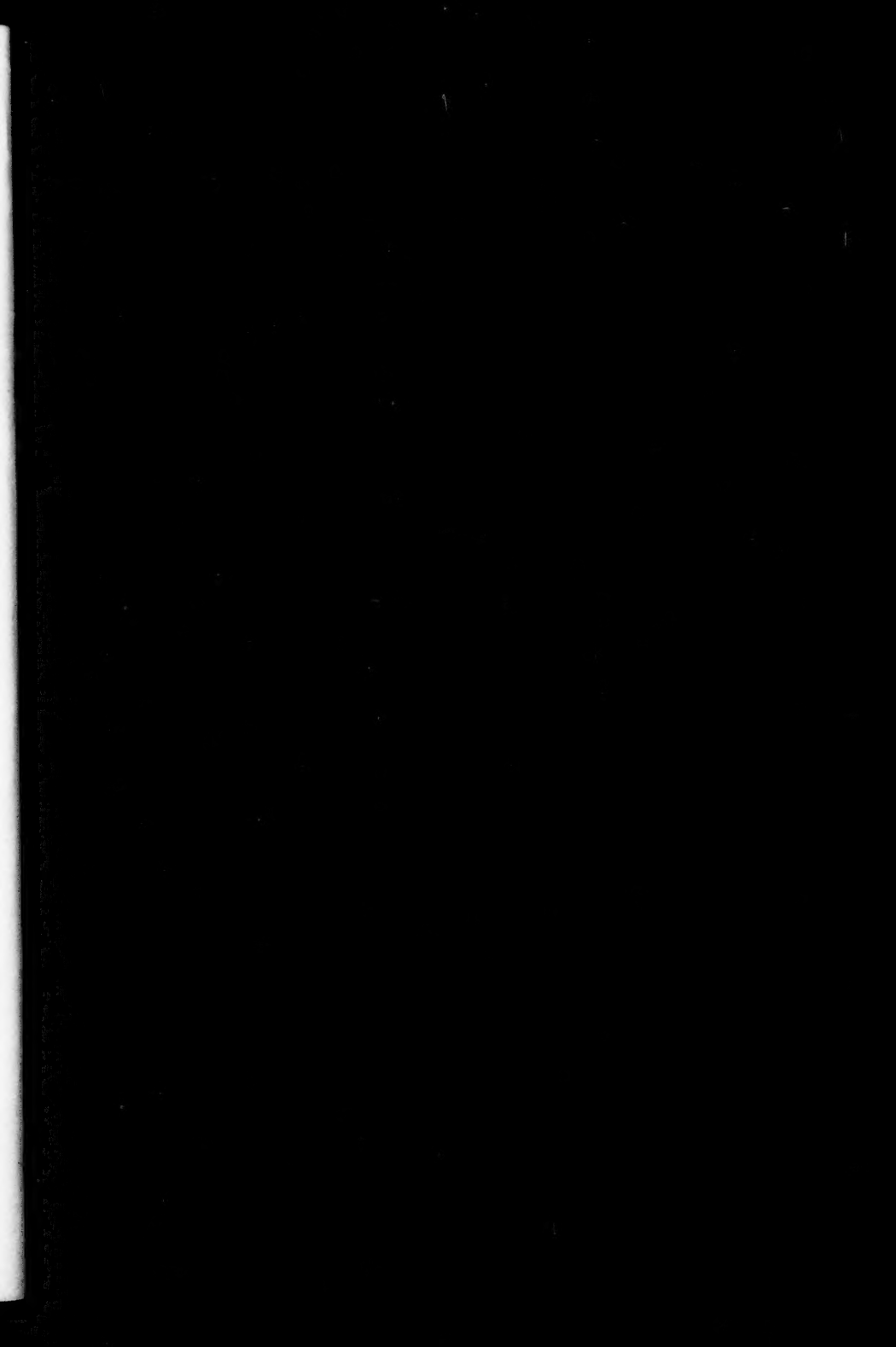
"Mon alive," he cried, "but they're most thorough in this city."

*

Motorist: "How far is it to the next town?"

Native: "Nigh on to five miles as the crow flies."

Motorist: "Well, how far is it if a crow has to walk and carry an empty gasoline can?"



PAMPHLETS FOR ALL

The Pamphlet Office conducted under the auspices of The Liguorian is a non-profit venture to provide pamphlets on a wide variety of topics for all classes of Catholics. The list will grow as time goes on. Current popular items are the following:

FOR BOYS:

Van: Beloved of God and Man.

The story of a real American boy, who made the grade up the steep heights of virtue.

FOR MOTHERS:

St. Gerard Majella — The Mothers' Saint.

A short life of the saint who has proved himself a helper of mothers particularly in the dangers of childbirth, together with prayers that can be used to invoke his aid.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN:

Examen for Laymen. A thorough examination of conscience on twelve virtues — one for each month of the year — with distinctions between mortal and venial sins, and with counsels and prayers added.

St. Alphonsus Manual — a three hundred page manual of prayers that is offered for 10 cents.

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary. One visit for each of the 31 days of the month, recommended especially for the "Visit for Victory" Campaign.

All the above pamphlets are 10 cents each — with reductions for quantities. Order from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

A-Haunting We Will Go
Boss of Hangtown Mesa
Lone Wolf in Scotland Yard
Sabotage Squad

Previously Reviewed

About Face
Alias Boston Blackie
Always in My Heart
Apache Trail
Arizona Bound
Atlantic Convoy
Bad Mand of the Hills
Below the Border
Bashful Bachelor, The
Bambi
Birth of the Blues
Billy the Kid's Smoking Guns
Boothill Bandits
Bowery Blitzkrieg
Canal Zone
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The
Cyclone Kid, The
Dangerously They Live
Dawn Express, The
Desperate Journey
Devil's Trail, The
Down Rio Grande Way
Down Texas Way
Dudes Are Pretty People
Ellery Queen and the Murder King
Enemy Agent
Escape from Hong Kong
Eternal Gift, The
Fingers at the Window
Friendly Enemies
Gay Caballero, The
Ghost Town Law
Girl from Alaska
Glory of Faith, The
Gold Rush, The
Gotha
Half a Sinner
Heart of the Rio Grande
Hello Annapolis
Henry and Dizzy
Hidden Gold

Holiday Inn
Home in Wyomin'
House of Errors
In Old California
It Happened in Flatbush
Jackass Mail
Jesse James, Jr.
Kid Glove Killer
Law of the Timber
Lawless Plainsman
Legion of the Lawless
Let's Get Tough
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (revised version)
Life Begins in College
Little Flower of Jesus
Lone Rider in Cheyenne
Lone Rider Rides On, The
Lone Star Ranger
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Mad Martindales, The
Mad Men of Europe
Magnificent Dope, The
Marry the Boss's Daughter
Mayor of 44th Street
Men of Texas
Mikado, The
Military Academy
Miss Annie Rooney
Mister V
Mokey
Monastery
Mrs. Miniver
My Favorite Blond
My Favorite Spy
Navy Blue and Gold
Nazi Agent
Overland to Deadwood
Pacific Blackout
Pacific Rendezvous
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Phantom Plainsmen
Pierre of the Plains
Postman Didn't Ring, The
Prairie Gunsmoke
Pride of the Blue Grass
Priorities on Parade
Private Buckaroo
Private Snuffy Smith

Queen of Destiny
Raiders of the Range
Reap the Wild Wind
Riders of the Northland
Rock River Renegade
Rolling Down the Great Divide
Romance on the Range
Scatterbrain
Secret Agent of Japan
Ships With Wings
Small Town Deb
S. O. S. Coast Guard
So's Your Aunt Emma
Stage Coach Buckaroo
South of Santa Fe
Stage Coach Express
Stardust on the Sage
Story of the Vatican, The
Strictly in the Groove
Submarine Raider
Sued for Libel
Suicide Squadron
Sundown Jim
Sunset on the Desert
Tarzan's New York Adventure
Ten Gentlemen from West Point
Texas Trouble Shooters
They Raid by Night
This Time for Keeps
Tombstone
Tomto Basin Outlaws
Top Sergeant
Top Sergeant Mulligan
To the Shores of Tripoli
Trail of the Silver Spurs
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
True to the Army
Tumbleweed Trail
U-Boat 29
Undercover Man
United We Stand
Unseen Enemy
What's Cookin'
When Knights Were Bold
Whispering Ghosts
Wings for the Eagle
Wloczegi (Polish) (Vagabond)
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Yukon Patrol

